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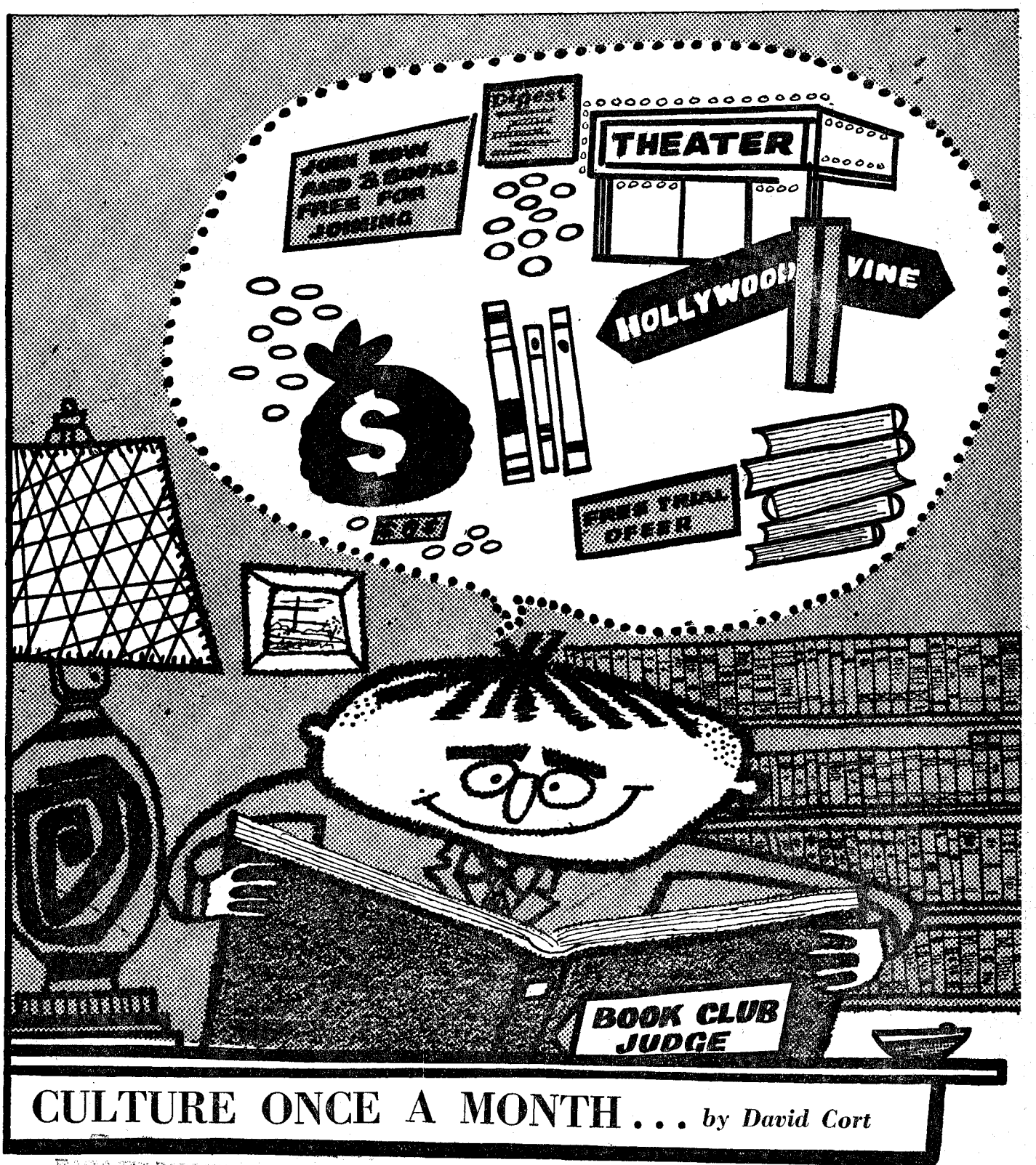

CULTURE ONCE A MONTH . . . *by David Cort*

EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
Johnson City, Tennessee

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LETTERS

TV in the Classroom

Sirs: Horrors! What is it that Professor Buckler wants to do to undergraduate education? [*The Nation,* February 3.]

It appears to this reader that one of the lamentable traits of our larger universities—and some of the smaller ones—is their reliance upon authoritarian methods of instruction. The prevalent method seems to be that of a year-round lecture hall in which undergraduates by the thousand are delivered into the hands of sages who supplement prescribed readings (usually from text books) with statements of the correct line. This line, it is hoped, will be memorized by the students.

In the usual lecture hall, however, the student has some recourse. He can ask questions, perhaps stimulating a discussion. Even his yawns may result in a response of interest. If he falls asleep, someone may notice. I have even heard of professors who organize their classes in such a way that students may, at certain times, openly disagree with the instructor's views or with The Text.

But it's all a matter of economics. Or is it? At a time when the tuition rates at the better universities are approaching $1,000 per year, when scads of money are being spent on athletic programs, when the university managers are demanding — and getting — more money from business groups, is it really necessary to treat students as feeble consumers who can "learn information" from 24-inch screens? More importantly, what is good about the idea? Surely not that "the same proportion of students earned A's and B's in both [TV and non-TV] groups, but the non-television students received more D's and fewer C's." If that phenomenon proves anything it is that exams are exams.

It is hard to believe that television techniques can do any more in courses such as English or Political Science or Philosophy than the written word and certainly no more than an illustrated book. In which case, why should students pay so much to a university? For the diploma? I suspect that what some advocates of classroom TV have in mind is the discipline, a feeling which is reinforced by Mr. Buckler's suggestion that we need not fear "the too-relaxed-for-any-good appearance of the students."

Of course, Mr. Buckler may be right about the facts of population and intellectual manpower (whatever that is). If he is, I apologize and suggest that we would be much better off if we abandoned the universities, or at least the undergraduate colleges, and simply shipped books and photographs to the students. It might also be possible to supply phonograph records of coughing, restless crowds and fraternity caps in order to establish the atmosphere. Exams might be graded by IBM machines or low-salaried skilled clerks. The immense amount of money saved could be diverted to the trade schools for engineers. Further information could be dispensed by telephone, utilizing the system which makes it possible to call a certain number and receive a recorded inspirational message.

PAUL BRESLOW

Perth Amboy, N. J.

Dear Sir: On many of the points mentioned by Mr. Breslow I do not feel qualified to comment, but on the subject of my article and my treatment of that subject I have, briefly, this to say: I would not pretend, at this early experimental stage, to advocate or deprecate the introduction of television as a medium of university instruction. I have reported the results of an experiment which has received considerable and even international attention and with which I have had daily contact; I have suggested, again from experience, how I think the television medium, *if used at all,* can be used with most effect; and I have outlined some factors which may encourage both administrators and teachers, *in the face of specified alternatives,* to use television as one medium of instruction. This is all, I think, that I can fairly be said to "want to do to undergraduate education."

WILLIAM E. BUCKLER

New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: My association is vitally interested in the role that television may play in higher education. Mr. Buckler's article makes a real contribution to the public understanding of the pros and cons, the possibilities and limitations of the members of this association's Subcommittee on Television and to the many other persons in our membership who are interested in the developments in this area.

RICHARD E. LAWRENCE
Associate Secretary
The American Association of Colleges for Teacher Education

Oneota, New York

Darrow Centenary

Dear Sirs: The centenary of Clarence Darrow will be commemorated, in a day-long program, under the auspices of The Adult Education Council of Greater Chicago, on May 1. In this connection I am eager to secure the loan of letters, briefs, manuscripts and legal material in general, books, pamphlets, circulars and printed material generally, photographs, cartoons, drawings and other pictorial material—in short, anything that will revitalize Darrow, his personality and his career. I would like to obtain material on such famous cases as those in-

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1957
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Oil Industry's Gouge

In Sweden homes and offices are being kept at 50-degree temperature because there isn't enough heating oil. In London the Trades Union Council is conferring with the government about creeping unemployment in factories either closed or operating short time because of the lack of fuel oil. A paralysis spreads across Europe.

To meet this crisis, the U. S. government lifted the restraints of the Sherman anti-trust law to permit the oil industry to federate in furnishing Europe 500,000 barrels a day of crude from this country. And what has happened? In the last week reported, that of January 23, only 157,000 barrels of crude and residual oil were shipped from U. S. ports to Europe. To get that, Europe was forced to take 121,000 barrels a day of gasoline for which it has no need during the emergency. There's lots more money in gasoline than in crude.

National Petroleum News reports 123 million barrels of distillate fuel oil on hand in this country in January, against 86,000,000 for January of 1956; 43,000,000 barrels of residual fuel oil against 38,000,000 barrels a year ago; and 260,000,000 barrels of crude against 262,000,000 a year ago. Obviously there is plenty of the kind of oil here for which Europe is pleading, and plenty of tanker space to carry it.

The U. S. industry took advantage of the Suez crisis to raise the price of crude in the Western Hemisphere by 35c a barrel and of products (including fuel oil and gasoline) by 1c a gallon. This was on top of a 25c a barrel increase for heavy fuel oil, which Europe so desperately needs, imposed immediately after the closing of Suez. As a result Europe not only must pay in dollars for American oil instead of in sterling for the Near East product, but must pay nearly $500,000 a day extra because of the price rises. And American consumers will pay an added $1,250,000,000 this year to the oil corporations, which already enjoy the highest profits in history.

It seems downright ungrateful of the oil industry to use the Suez crisis as an excuse to gouge both this country and our transatlantic cousins. But with petroleum of all kinds almost bursting out of storage tanks, the industry doubts if the price increases can be made to stick once the crisis ends. So, get while the getting's good. And why increase domestic production now to meet a temporary situation when it might lead to over-production after Suez is opened with a depressing result on the price-and-profit structure? And why should the international companies quit importing Near East crude, even if Europe needs it, when to do so might encourage independent domestic producers of crude to demand a permanent embargo on such imports?

The oil companies, it is apparent, will thank the government to keep out of the internal affairs of the industry. On the other hand, it expects the nation's manpower and financial resources to be mobilized to protect its external affairs in distant lands. A happy, and most profitable, division of labor.

Will the Administration meet this challenge?

The Legion In The Middle East

The American Legion is officially supporting the group of Senators who hope to eliminate economic aid from the President's Middle East plans—but are all in favor of U. S. military aid to that area. In hoping to strike out the economic help which is our main hope for preventing the need for military help, the Legion may well be forgetting its own "special interests." If the need comes for U. S. military action to halt Soviet intervention in the Middle East, the resulting war is not likely to be the type which will leave many veterans.

Labor and the Fifth

Trustees of other people's money should be willing at all times to explain, at least to its owners, exactly what is happening to the money. It is a sad commentary on the country's largest union, the Teamsters, that Mr. Beck, Mr. Brewster and Mr. Hoffa are so reluctant to publicize their union's fiscal affairs. But saying this does not mean that anyone—the AFL-CIO Executive Council or the public included—should proceed to kick the Bill of Rights in the head.

The Fifth Amendment was designed to protect the guilty as well as the innocent. If Beck, Hoffa and Brewster are criminals by reason of malfeasance or misfeasance in office, criminal prosecution should be instituted. We recognize the peculiar difficulty of securing grand jury indictments in cases of misuse of union funds because of the reluctance of witnesses to testify. But the answer to a breakdown in any one criminal procedure is not to throw out part of our Constitutional guarantees of freedom. It is to try another

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procedure—what about income-tax evasion charges?—or to revamp the law so that it can cope with the new set of conditions.

It may well be that new legislation is required to assure that union dues and welfare funds are safeguarded for the maximum benefit of the membership. If so, the appropriate committees of Congress should act—and they could elicit plenty of voluntary testimony from the reputable leadership of the AFL-CIO in order to pass legislation which would safeguard union membership without, at the same time, informing over-inquisitive employers of union strength.

However admirable their motive, the AFL-CIO leaders do not serve labor by demanding penalties from men who claim the Fifth Amendment. The loss of this Constitutional right represents as great a threat to organized labor as does corruption.

What Price Radiation Safety?

Gene Marine's article last week on civil defense noted that "fallout has now made shelter, not evacuation, the preferred method of protection"; but he noted, too, that the federal civil-defense administrator "has never requested shelter funds, and has previously . . . described shelter as 'death traps' and 'burial grounds'." Elsewhere in his article, Mr. Marine recalled that the administrator, in December, 1956, "told the press that a meaningful shelter program would 'bankrupt' the country."

On the heels of the article comes testimony from a group of naval nuclear-defense experts who, according to the United Press, last week "laid before Congress . . . a shelter program which they said would give every American a 99 per cent chance to survive a major enemy attack" at an estimated cost of about $60 per person for a radiation shelter. The experts said further that for $300 each we could build shelters that would withstand anything but a direct hit.

The hearings of the House Government Operations Subcommittee continue. *The Nation* will continue to report its findings, and to measure them against current practice in civil defense.

Excuse Us, Your Majesty, We Didn't Mean to Rush You

Washington, Feb. 5.—King Saud of Saudi Arabia, one of the world's last absolute monarchs, foresees that "someday" even his remote kingdom may have a parliament or some form of popular representation.

In an interview in his office suite at Blair House, the king reacted with surprise when asked if his land might adopt some parliamentary institutions. But when it was made clear that it was a question of "eventually," he replied that some day a parliament might be possible.

—*Margaret Higgins in the New York* Herald Tribune.

ISRAEL IN ISOLATION . . . *by Dan Wakefield*

SEVERAL thousand men and women stood in Jerusalem's Menorah Square one drizzly night last spring and listened to Menachem Begin, leader of Israel's far-right-wing party, *Herut*, speak on Israel's failure to get defensive arms from America. The crowd broke out in cheers and applause as the fiery former terrorist, waving his arms beneath the arc-lights, exclaimed that "Dulles held all the cards, and our government chose to play poker with him."

The warm response of the crowd was some indication of the Israel public's growing skepticism of any policy of dependence on foreign powers. Today, that "skepticism" must seem the most blatant sort of innocence to the Israelis who applauded Begin's poker-image. What Israel has learned since then is that it isn't really in the game at all. On October 29, Israel set out to grab some cards for itself—and, with the help of the British and French, succeeded. But the events of the past few months have proved that even when Israel has something in its hand—the Gaza strip, the control of the Gulf of Aqaba—it is hard put to do much poker bargaining. The trump cards in the Middle East are oil, the Suez Canal and the power potential of 40,000,000 people between East and West—and the Arabs hold them all.

As the world significance of these three factors has steadily grown in the past few years—accentuated against the background of the U. S.-Soviet struggle—the power of Israel's position in foreign affairs has steadily declined. The twin disillusionment of Israel's diplomatic isolation in the world at large, as well as in the Middle East, has been solidifying ever since the Russian-sponsored Czech arms deal to Egypt and the refusal of the West to match it with defensive weapons for Israel. It has reached its most acute form in Israel's efforts to bargain in the U. N. for guarantees of permanent peace following the Sinai invasion.

When the armistice agreements of 1949 were signed with the Arab nations, the leaders of Israel were well aware of their new state's precarious position. Israel occupied 8,000 square miles of territory, mostly desert, surrounded by four hostile nations along

DAN WAKEFIELD, staff contributor to The Nation, *spent several months in Israel last year.*

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a 594-mile border. It was shut off from economic and political relations with these neighboring countries, and had friendly relations with few nations in the entire Asian world. One of the great tasks that the new leaders of Israel saw as necessary for survival was the breaking down of barriers within its own Middle Eastern world: the establishment of permanent peace and normal relations with the Arab neighbors.

Few saw any easy road to peace, but the hope was that time and constant offers to make permanent settlements, coupled with the promise of great economic advantages to shaky-budgeted Arab lands, would eventually break down the barriers. Now, eight years later, not one Arab state has yet agreed to sit down in discussion with Israel, or, indeed, to cease pronouncing vows of Israel's eventual destruction. The Israelis hoped for a happier outcome, but felt from the beginning that even if the Arabs remained hostile, help from the outside world would insure the continued survival of their country. Isolation in both these spheres—the Middle East and the world beyond—was a tragedy that the most pessimistic of Israel's leaders were unprepared to imagine.

There has been a certain brash naivete in Israel's national attitude, which on the surface might seem incongruous for a people who were brought to a "national home" by such a convulsive heritage. But there is actually basis for a bit of idealism in the strange facts of Israel's modern creation. Both the official opening of the Palestine territory to large-scale Jewish settlement, and the birth of the state of Israel thirty-one years later, were aided profoundly by two of the rare "lapses" of great-power governments into something approaching idealistic action.

The 1917 Balfour declaration of the Lloyd George cabinet promised a "national home" for the Jews in Palestine in exchange for the vague aid of "Jewish sympathy" for the momentarily stalled cause of the Allies in World War I. In examining this unusual occurrence, Arthur Koestler has written:

> The men responsible for it, such as Lloyd George, Lord Balfour, President Wilson, General Smuts, were Bible lovers. They were profoundly attracted by the Old Testamentarian echoes which the Zionist movement carried; and they had historic imagination. If one reads Lloyd George's evidence carefully, one is led to suspect that he deliberately overstates the opportunistic motivations of the Balfour Declaration—as if trying to cover up the romantic impulses behind it. Never in history has the British Empire committed itself to an action of similar grandeur "for propagandistic reasons."

In May of 1948, when the leaders of Jewish Palestine took time out from their battles with the Arabs to declare the birth of the new state of Israel, history was still heavy with the memory of Nazi atrocities to the Jews, and both the world's great power centers reacted sympathetically. Russia, largely motivated by its desire to chase the British out of the Middle East, tried with the United States to see who could be the first to recognize the new state.

IN THOSE early days of promise and illusion, Israelis generally divided into two main groups: those who felt that the nation's future welfare lay in closer relations with the United States and those who felt that it lay in closer relations with Russia. Since the founding of the state, those two camps have constantly been battered by the facts until they now have dwindled to a doctrinaire few on each side.

The pro-American supporters enjoyed their greatest moment of affirmation in President Truman's rapid and strong recognition of the new nation. That action was later recalled with a kind of nostalgic appreciation, and is largely responsible for the friendly feeling of Israelis toward the Democratic Party. Dulles was quite a different story. (It may be of interest to note in passing that Secretary Dulles once explained the Arab hatred for the Jews as part of a long hostility begun when the Jews killed Mohammed.) The cold shoulder of Dulles to Israeli pleas for arms to offset the Czech shipments to Nasser ended the holiday for American supporters in Israel.

The holiday has never been resumed. While turning away Israel's plea for arms, the United States was making a shipment of eighteen tanks to Saudi Arabia—one of the nations officially dedicated to Israel's destruction. The indignation of Israelis was great—those were the days when it was possible still to have hope enough to be indignant. But the shipment of tanks now pales into insignificance beside the recent spectacle of King Saud, the world's largest slave-owner and feudal potentate of a kingdom pledged to the destruction of the only democratic nation in the Middle East, receiving from the President the most royal welcome of any foreign ruler in American history when he arrived in Washington for talks to find new ways to bolster the Cadillac economy of Saudi Arabia. If Israel Foreign Minister Golda Meir, in recent trips to the United States, was not invited to talk with the President, one might anyway conclude: Well, what's to talk about? Mrs. Meir has neither slaves, oil nor airbases.

As to any doubts about future U. S. intentions in the Middle East, the Eisenhower Doctrine has been interpreted as it relates to Israel by Mr. Dulles. The doctrine provides for American troops to fight at the request of any Middle East nation attacked by a Soviet-armed neighbor—any Middle East nation, that is, except Israel. The doctrine follows the Arab line on Israel—pretense that it isn't really there at all.

Once again, Dulles "holds all the cards" in dealing—or not dealing—with Israel. The main one this time is the one with the dollar sign. Approximately $30 million in U. S. grants-in-aid and a $75 million loan from the U. S. Export-Import Bank were held up after the Israeli invasion of Egypt. In his press conference last week Dulles said he would give "serious consideration" to applying economic sanctions against Israel if the U. N. called for them—in other words, blocking the more than $100 million in the United States intended for Israel. If this money is held up past April, it could seriously cripple Israel's economy. The country imports around 60 per cent of its food, and the money from America and German reparations keeps the treasury in working operation. Al-

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ready financially isolated from the immediate Arab world around it, financial isolation from the world beyond would mean almost certain collapse for Israel.

With Saud beaming from the White House, and Dulles holding up vital financial resources for Israel, the Israelis who started out in 1948 with dreams of a secure lifeline from America are hard put to hold their original vision. Unlike the Arabs, who can vent their disillusion with the West by smiling at Russia, the Israelis have no smiles left. The hopes of support from the Soviet have turned out to be even more of a ghost for Israel than the hopes once fixed on America.

THE ISRAELIS who started out preaching salvation from the Soviet have run the most tortuous course of all. The Russian disillusionment even created an internal Israeli political split which resulted in the physical movement of hundreds of families who lost the faith. This was a political division in the pro-Soviet *Mapam* party of Israel, which gains much of its strength from the *kibbutzim* (collective settlements). When a new splinter party (*Achdut Avoda*), whose platform did not include specific endorsement of relations with Russia, split off from *Mapam*, the men and women on the *Mapam*-sponsored *kibbutzim* who joined the new party picked up their lives and moved to new homes.

The particular cause of this convulsion was the Prague trials of the winter of 1952 which "exposed" the "capitalist-Zionist plot" against socialism, sentenced fourteen Czech Communist leaders of Jewish origin, and imprisoned two Israeli citizens—one of whom, Mordecai Oren, a top *Mapam* leader, was returned to Israel only last summer. Moshe Sharett, then Israel Foreign Minister, denounced the trials as an "anti-Jewish incitement in the Nazi tradition." They were followed by the famous "doctors' plot" in January of 1953, which indicated possibilities of a wholesale Jewish purge in Stalinist Russia, and, in February, the temporary Russian severance of diplomatic relations with Israel.

Although official relations were resumed again that summer, the faith in Israeli salvation from Russia was lost to all but the remaining doctrinaires of *Mapam* and an even smaller handful of Communists. By the time of the Czech arms deal to Egypt in 1955, its was painfully clear to Israelis that the Soviet Union was out to play hard in the Middle East, with its chips on the nascent nationalism of the Arab world. The earlier implications of the Communist line of Zionism as a "tool of Western imperialism" was hardening into a standard play for courting Arab favor.

Israelis might well wish that there were more truth than propaganda in the charge of their being a "tool" of the West: At least a tool can exercise a bit of leverage. In the October invasion of Egypt, the one real occasion when Israel might be considered to have acted as a tool of Western nations (Britain and France) in trying to topple Nasser, they at least got a few benefits that they hadn't been able to get through innumerable diplomatic dealings on their own. They captured from Egypt the modern arms that they were unable to buy from the United States; they brought their long-muted cases against the blockade of their merchant shipping through the Suez and the Gulf of Aqaba back to the forefront of the U. N. These were indeed few fruits to be had from a total military victory, but better than none at all.

The really fantastic aspect of Israel's failure to claim any more than it did from the Sinai victory lies in the nature of what it hoped to claim. In the talk of Israel's "demands" there has been a tendency to think of them as the traditional demands of invading nations for spoils and rich territories at the expense of the loser. But the "outrageous" demand of Israel has been quite simply the demand for permanent peace and guarantees to insure it. The requests that Israeli or U. N. forces occupy the Gaza strip, which has served as a feeder for Nasser's *fedayeen* attacks into Israel; the guarantees of passage through the Suez which has been denied to Israel ever since the establishment of the state; and an end to the Egyptian blockade of the Gulf of Aqaba, which has bottled up Israeli shipping to the Far East ever since 1953, are matters which should have been settled long ago by the same United Nations, many members of which now look with high moral outrage at Israel's attempt to force them to a solution.

There is a surplus of irony in this display of moral indignation. It seems that at last the U. N.—with some notable exceptions among the Commonwelth delegations and in Western Europe—has found a whipping boy who has no diplomatic pressure to apply in return, and any representative with a pent-up sense of moral wrath (stymied by practical considerations from release elswhere) may pretty safely release it on Israel. While the Russians were murdering workers in the streets of Budapest, the Soviet delegate in the U. N. was shedding bitter tears of indignation over Israel's capitalist-imperialist attack on the poor Russian-armed *fellaheen* of the Sinai Desert. More recently, while Nehru was proudly assuring his people that the U. N. troops would never be allowed on Indian (Kashmir) soil no matter what resolutions might be passed, the Indian delegates were busy framing declarations demanding Israel's unconditional withdrawal from the Gaza strip and strict obedience to U. N. decisions [*See editorial on page 129—Ed.*].

WITH the growth of the Afro-Asian bloc in the U. N. from twelve to twenty-seven members, it is unlikely that Israel's position in the world body will grow any stronger, no matter what it does or doesn't do in the future. The Afro-Asian group, combined with the Soviet bloc, controls almost half the membership now and can easily preevnt any two-thirds majority on a question it regards as unfavorable. The rest of the nations, though many of them may sympathize with Israel, will be unlikely to exert much effort in behalf of a small country outside of any bloc and without any dependable allies—a country, in short, that is diplomatically isolated.

It is difficult to remember that there once was a time, as recently as 1954, when Israel was still something

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of a bright new star in international relations. The immense creative energy of the new nation, and the large abilities of its foreign minister, Moshe Sharett, had earned it high respect in the world, and there was even a time when the name of Sharett was being mentioned as a possibility for Secretary-General of the United Nations. Last June, when Sharett was pressured into resignation as foreign minister, that recent past was recalled with a terrifying realization of how far Israel's star had dropped. Sharett's resignation was not caused by a loss of faith in his personal ability, but rather by a loss of faith in his approach, which subordinated Israel's immediate home-front security problems to the larger hope of salvation from the West and the United States in particular. When by mid-June he had still failed to get the defensive arms to offset the Czech deal, he was forced to resign. Israel was officially admitting the failure of outside support and accepting what in many ways had already become the fact of isolation. In Ben-Gurion's speech to the Knesset after Sharett's resignation, the Prime Minister proclaimed that "We must strengthen ourselves in order to be able to say 'no' to the greatest powers in the world and to stick to it." But as the recent days are proving, Israel is desparately dependent on that outside support which it can no longer depend on.

THE cycle of Israel's rise of hope in world affairs from the time of Sharett's international prestige to the low point of disillusionment came full circle several weeks ago when that same Moshe Sharett, no longer foreign minister, returned from representing Israel at a meeting of the Interparliamentary Union in Bangkok. He gravely told his colleagues at home: "An atmosphere of isolation such as I have never experienced at any international conference surrounded the Israeli delegation." That same week Ben-Gurion predicted to his countrymen that bitter political struggles lay ahead which would be fought not primarily with Israel's avowed enemies, but with "peoples who do not hate Israel."

As the power struggle mounts in the Middle East and the Arab world gains in favor and strength, the unallied country of the Jews is becoming a diplomatic untouchable to the rest of the nations in the world. The "atmosphere of isolation" described by Sharett is settling fast over Israel, and it is an atmosphere in which the country cannot indefinitely survive.

THE BOOK CLUBS

CULTURE ONCE A MONTH . . . *by David Cort*

A BOOK CLUB, as here referred to, is a mass-distribution cooperative which offers to save a potential reader the chore of reading all the reviews and making up his own mind. Thus it combines the separate functions of disinterested judgment and profitable promotion. In one act it claims to be a better judge than the reviewers and a better promoter than the publisher. Yet a judge who profits from his judgments is not a judge. Part of this claim is therefore likely to be false.

There can be no doubt that in the past twenty years, coinciding with the book-club careers, the writer in America has suffered a diminution. If he cannot or will not submit to the canons of hungry publishers and book clubs, he may presently stop selling at all. The rich writer, chosen by a book club, is also eminent; the much more eminent poor writer is also contemptible. In America, the area left for honest, unambitious talent grows constantly smaller.

Must the book clubs share the blame for these developments? They have certainly promoted a lot of pleasure and instruction for the American reader. But have they also helped to corrupt the reader and to separate him from his only true friend, the writer? In lieu of that old unpredictable meeting of individual minds, the mass editor flirts massively with the mass reader. But as the mass society grows a little bored by the mass literature, one must begin to suppose that it is not quite exactly a mass society.

Book clubs fall into two kinds. One is the mass distributor averaging 500,000 members (the Book of the Month Club figure). The Literary Guild has hit 800,000; Dollar, 400,000, and the new Reader's Digest Condensed Club has 2,200,000 (distributed four times a year).

The second kind is the small, specialized club that limits itself to the arcane mysteries of a single clique, such as yachtsmen, horsemen, farmers, art collectors or religious denominations. These are what bring the total of adult book clubs to ninety, besides twelve juvenile. Most have from three to ten thousand subscribers and have trouble keeping up office appearances. They tend to be absorbed by regular publishers: Doubleday has half a dozen, in addition to the Dollar and the Guild. In essence, they consist of a list of names of people who are probably interested in one special subject. Anybody who owns such a list can invent a new club tonight.

The only crime charged against the book clubs is that they have distributed 500,000,000 books in the thirty years since Harry Scherman started the Book of the Month Club. This works out, allowing for some population turnover, at two and one-third books per living head.

The profits will only be applauded here. The motives, and the effects, are more interesting. As for the former, the purest idealism to be heard anywhere on earth issues from book-club proprietors; it reminded me of

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my childhood when I was given the beauty of universal education with breakfast. Harry Scherman, for example, sees a connection between his BOMC and the fact that "I doubt whether anywhere else in the world, or in any other era, has there been a society more open and wide-ranging in its curiosities . . ." That opinion does not march with my impressions.

The publishing fortunes that began in the twenties nearly always grew out of the astonished discovery that classics were not copyrighted (or else out of crossword puzzles). Harry Scherman was among the first with his Little Leather Library of Classics (forty million copies); Bennett Cerf, George Macy and others rushed through the breach. Several presently realized that royalties to living writers were not really very dear and led to a more lively social career than the works of Tennyson. Applying the classic aura to a chosen current book, the Book of the Month Club's first venture was the publication of Lolly Willowes, by Sylvia Townsend Warner, in April, 1926.

The BOMC will serve as the prototype for the old-line book clubs. In thirty years it has grossed $240 million cash and given away another $192 million in retail values (call it $50 million cash). Yet nearly half its 500,000 subscribers pass up the books offered in any given month.

THE MONTH'S No. 1 selection is made by five judges who cerebrate at the summit of a reading apparatus of five full-time literates and thirty-five part-time (some paid $5 a reading) and a grading bureaucracy who stamp A, B and C on the month's crop. The judges pick only the first selection. The numerous alternates are chosen by Mr. Scherman and his executives after listening to the judges argue.

These No. 1 selections have come to just under 500 books since 1926. They seem to include nearly everything written by Margery Sharp, Esther Forbes, T. H. White, Pearl Buck, C. S. Forester and Nevil Shute: not exactly the giants of our age. For the thirty years, the selections work out at nearly 75 per cent in favor of male authors against female and about 56 per cent in favor of Americans over non-Americans and fiction over non-fiction. The war raised the percentage on non-fiction, men and Americans. These seem to be still gaining.

The character of the judges has changed. They used to include such individualistic eccentrics as Heywood Broun, Christopher Morley, Dorothy Canfield and William Allen White. This type has long since been scrapped. The present judges, all estimable citizens, represent a neurotic mass-type frequently presented in the works of John Marquand: the brisk, slightly stammering egg-head who hides a wry self-consciousness, the Master of Arts who has learned to humor the Philistines. A delightful fellow—who so surly as to carp? In simple gratitude for inventing the type, the BOMC has made Mr. Marquand the last of the judges. Yet in passing we should note the importance of Mr. Marquand's invention in the current American culture. This is actually Big Brother.

The BOMC publicity makes much of the premise that they pick only what they like. In ordinary decency, let us dismiss this premise at once. The people they are picking for have expressed themselves; indeed, do it every month. An educated mass taste in books is much too difficult to analyze; but the BOMC audience has registered its taste in another area which is more easily assessed. It has voted on "the greatest artists of all time" and I list them in order, with the selections that seem out of their class in italics: Michelangelo, Rembrandt, Da Vinci, *Raphael, Gainsborough, Van Gogh, Whistler,* Titian, *Rubens, Picasso,* Botticelli, El Greco, Renoir, Cezanne and *Millet*. These wonderful people came up with another grading: "The Most Interesting Artists of All Time." The same names were re-arranged in an uninteresting way, except for the fact that *Grant Wood* was added!

But how are we to judge books? Published current criticism is simply of no use. There are in fact three true, absolute and initial tests of a book.

By far the best test is to wait 300 years. The BOMC cannot afford to do this; indeed it would throw Mr. Scherman back into his Little Leather Classics (which were, however, first published at the time they were written). Furthermore, if all books had to be held for 300 years before reading, literature would die a sudden death, and there would be nothing to read for 300 years. Thus, we have to do the best we can at the moment with what is written at the moment.

The second best test is to ask oneself after a lapse of time whether the book has remained in the mind. And a third—or perhaps it should have been the second—is to re-read a book after twenty or thirty years.

There is a fourth, though somewhat ephemeral test: did the book influence your life and behavior? Reviewing the BOMC list, some claim could be made for *Bambi* by Felix Salten, *Grischa* by Arnold Zweig, *Henry VIII* by Francis Hackett, *All Quiet* by Remarque, *Robber Barons* by Josephson, *The Road to War* by Walter Millis, *Ordeal* by Nevil Shute, *Verdun* by Jules Romains, *For Whom the Bell Tolls* by Hemingway, *Darkness at Noon* by Koestler, *The Road to Survival* by Vogt, *The Disenchanted* by Schulberg, *Catcher in the Rye* by Salinger, *Witness* by Whittaker Chambers, and some Churchill. How any particular one of these influenced my life and behavior is a longer story.

WORKING backward to the third proposed test (re-reading), books that may have influenced me, though they were not BOMC choices: Aldous Huxley's *Antic Hay* (I can name and describe every character); Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises* (I was a little vaguer here); and Evelyn Waugh's *Decline and Fall* (pretty cloudy). The first and last of these three, on re-reading a little while ago, merely embarrassed me for my youth; they were a bore. Hemingway's novel climbed back into my mind like the rising sun in the title; I had even forgotten the best parts, such as the fishing expedition. Demonstrably and unpredictably, this is a great book.

Still working back I applied my second proposed test (recollection) on ten literate people's memories of six BOMC selections. In practice, the

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test ran into a fact of the American culture which quickly dominates and re-phrases the question. The question becomes instead: "Do you remember the book or the movie?" The answers to the revised question destroy a good many of the sincere pretensions of the Book of the Month Club. Their most famous books—and these are the only ones I am bothering with—were also famous movies. The question arises whether the judges did not pick them for the same reasons that one would pick a movie script.

The answers to the questions opened a locked room that explains a great deal about what the printed page can do, and usually doesn't do, and the nature of the inimitable vision of the first-class creator. Of inadequately created books, the ten people remembered the movie; they could see the actors in their mind's eye; the movie had usually displaced the vision, if any, created by the book. I submit that whenever this happens, it is a ruthless indictment of the writer's original work (with the possible qualification that a marvelous job of acting can sometimes assume a life of its own quite equal to the original vision, though sometimes different from it.) For example, nearly everybody has a picture in his mind, that no movie could ever entirely displace, of faces and scenes in *Treasure Island, The Prisoner of Zenda, Dracula, The Three Musketeers, Alice Adams, An American Tragedy, etc. etc.* The fact makes these good books, no matter what their style.

Let us apply the test to six of BOMC's proudest boasts: Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front,* Buck's *The Good Earth,* Allen's *Anthony Adverse,* Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind,* Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and Koestler's *Darkness at Noon* (never a movie). My friends reviewed the books as follows—

All Quiet: Lew Ayres. Sometimes also Wolheim and Slim Summerville. More on this will be given later.

The Good Earth: Luise Rainer and Claude Rains.

Anthony Adverse: Fredric March and Olivia De Haviland.

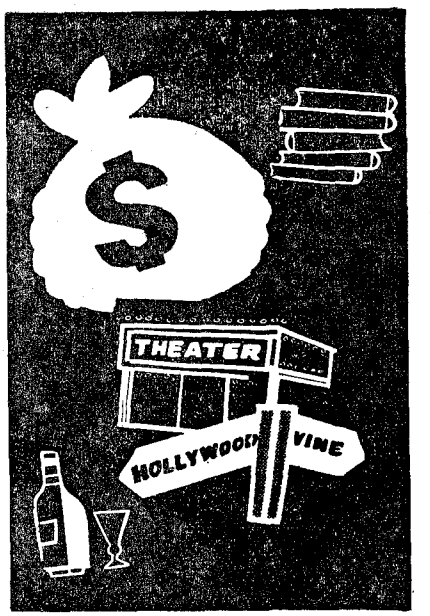
Gone With the Wind: Clark Gable and Vivien Leigh.

Koestler, not competing with a movie, is still clear as day to his readers; and Hemingway's characters entirely transcended and even successfully conflicted with the actors, Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman, who did not seem appropriate to a number of readers (they saw the girl clearly as dark and frail). *For Whom the Bell Tolls* is therefore to be defined as a good book, though not as good as *The Sun Also Rises.* The others have a heavy count against them.

Gone With the Wind gets a stay on appeal. It seems to have held the minds of a number of readers. Some have a picture of Rhett Butler that is quite different from Clark Gable; and this is a strong count for Miss Mitchell's creation. A very discerning reader pointed out that Hergesheimer did the spade-work much better in *Balisand.* Yet *Gone With the Wind* remains a truly created work.

The one BOMC selection I re-read was *All Quiet.* Some of the readers "remembered" the powerful love story: there is no love story. The clearest recollection was in the mind of a man who had read the book in the original German, unexpurgated. The appeal of *All Quiet* in 1929 was primarily journalistic and must have influenced a great many lives. It said emotionally two (then) surprising things: 1) war is bad; 2) Germans are not bad. What good these two lessons have done Americans in the intervening twenty-seven years I would not dare to say; but they certainly helped Hitler.

THE BOOK is an utterly honest series of vignettes about nineteen-year-olds plunged into war; the connective tissue is of group self-pity, comradeship, soldierly pride and revenge on the adults. "We are not beaten," says the hero. A clever man in 1920 could have created Adolf Hitler out of these elements. Indeed, even Mr. Remarque is not as anti-war as Hitler was, verbally; and Hitler may have learned this tactic from Remarque's book. Mr. Scherman certainly cannot be blamed for these results; nor can Remarque, a notable anti-Nazi. The book, then very readable though rather a chore today, would have been popular without the



BOMC stamp, because the Americans were ready for it, having overlooked Geoffrey Moss's development of the same theme in the early 1920s.

The really memorable books do not usually get published by BOMC. It did not pick the most original book of the past two years, Nigel Dennis' *Cards of Identity,* which I too neglected for a year because I had read that the author was a *Time*-writer. The BOMC will never pick such a book; indeed its apparatus is designed to eliminate such a monstrosity.

The major book clubs, not unlike the mass magazines, may be said to fatten on the garbage in the American public's mind. They profit by confirming what everybody already thinks he knows. But lately the old-line clubs have been threatened by the Reader's Digest Condensed Book Club which condenses five books in a single average-size volume. The great, dead-serious new club is far hungrier for that garbage than the sleek black rats that have heretofore had it so cosy. One cannot help remembering the brown, short-tailed rats that invaded Europe in the early Eighteenth Century and wiped out the black (or Alexandrian) rats that until then had fed underneath Europe's table. The hungriest competitor will have the field; and the Reader's Digest Condensed Book Club simplifies the battle for the reader's mind to its essence, or travesty.

The Digest pretense is that of

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"condensation," as if a body of thought or fantasy were the same as milk or eggs. It removes the surplus water; the reader need only add water and it will be the whole thing again. The Digest books are not advertised as cut, expurgated, castrated or sophisticated; they are "condensed." Dewitt Wallace has the dream or delusion that life itself can be condensed. So it can. The truth when it is found a thousand years from now will be very simple, and five minutes later, very dull. The continuing entertainment in life, which keeps people sane, is that different things are all different, not that they are all the same.

Mr. Wallace is genuinely more interested in their sameness. It is estimated that his magazine keeps publishing the same hundred articles over and over again. It can safely be predicted that he will publish the same hundred—or perhaps only twenty—books over and over again. (This suggestion is worth a million dollars to Mr. Wallace, if he hasn't yet realized it. The check can be mailed in care of *The Nation.*)

The honor of opening Mr. Wallace's eyes to the possibilities in evaporating books goes to a gifted book-condenser on the magazine, M. T. Ragsdale. The technique has now been mastered by half a dozen people on the Condensed Book Club.

I READ both the whole and evaporated versions of *Harry Black* in the summer of 1956: the first ran 110,000 words, the second under 50,000. The book revealed that the new club is already finding its base formulas. This one is the formula of the tired falcon, crying inside, who has sudden misgivings as he sweeps to his last kill. Hemingway invented the formula with his soldiers and matadors, but he generally broadens a story out of the formula. The author of *Harry Black* tried to do as much, but the evaporation reduced his book back to pure, stark formula, still quite enjoyable.

To read the condensation, especially comparing it line for line with the original, is to watch an autopsy. In the condensation, the whole quality of the first jungle part has been lost; a whole polo game has disappeared; developed characters are reduced to names; the techniques of prison escapes are dropped; and also there is an elimination of some embarrassing non-love-making and stiff upper lip. But all this was what the author had to offer. And the author was not kidding; his name is (David) Harry Walker. One could show that two pages of effective writing come out as one paragraph of pasted-up bits. One quick example is that of evaporating "more real and sordidly simple and beautifully nightmarish" into just "more real." Wherever the author assumes any intelligence on the reader's part, the editors paint signposts all over the place. The elliptical is turned into the all-too obvious. Long brush-strokes are reduced to little pin-points of color, as in a Seurat painting.

The *Reader's Digest* has a defense. It is that its evaporated books reach a completely untouched market. Since nobody I know even knows anyone who subscribes to this new club, the claim seems to stand up. These new readers must be the same amiable people who think they are sailors because they have taken an airliner across the Atlantic Ocean, or think they know the Thousand Islands because they drove their Chevrolet across the International Bridge. If only life were that simple! But for Mr. Wallace that is just how simple it is.

SEDITION or PRESS FREEDOM? . . *by Gene Marine*

LAST YEAR the Sedition Act of 1917, hardly used since the twenties, was revived to indict Mr. and Mrs. John W. Powell and Julian Schuman in connection with their activities between 1950 and 1953 as editors of the *China Monthly Review,* an English-language magazine published in Shanghai. Powell was editor and publisher of the periodical; Mrs. Powell and Schuman were associate editors. The latter two are charged in the indictment with "conspiring" with Powell in everything of which he is accused; no additional acts are charged against them.

During these years, of course, the United States was involved in the Korean conflict, and the general tone of the *China Monthly Review,* not unexpectedly, was very far from conforming with that maintained by the overwhelming majority of American publications of the time, or since. In 1953 Powell, his wife and Schuman returned to the United States; they were repeatedly summoned to appear before Congressional committees—this reporter recalls vividly the manner in which Senator Herman Welker, since defeated for office, hounded and badgered Sylvia Powell in San Francisco shortly after her return—but it was only in 1956, after repeated insistence by Senators Welker and Jenner, that they were indicted.

The indictment charges, in effect, that Powell published in his magazine certain statements, *knowing them to be false,* "with the intent to interfere with the success of the armed forces of the United States and to promote the success of its enemies," to "wilfully cause insubordination, disloyalty and mutiny" and to "wilfully obstruct the recruiting and enlistment service of the United States." But though the document cites several statements, nowhere in any of them does there appear any direct incitement to mutiny, nor any plea not to enlist. Powell never suggested, directly or indirectly, that any American refuse to serve. The indictment alleges that his criticisms of America and Ameri-

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can policy were such that *they might be considered inciting.*

Nor is Powell charged with having *brought about* insubordination or mutiny, nor with obstructing recruitment, but only "with the *intent* to" interfere, cause, obstruct, etc. (emphasis added). The intent, in turn, is inferred by the government from the contents of the editorials which appeared in his magazine.

Many readers will ask: Who reads the *China Monthly Review,* anyway? Its circulation, of course, is almost entirely in the Far East. Far-reaching as is the Sedition Act, it doesn't cover publication in Asia. Therefore, the Powell case rests on the fact that a few copies were circulated in the United States. The indictment doesn't say how many were so distributed nor what percentage of the total circulation; it remains for the government to show that there were enough to "obstruct the recruiting and enlistment service of the United States."

WHAT, exactly, did Powell say to cause the United States to dredge up its rarely used sedition statute? In the indictment, the government cites two classes of statements, with specifics as follows:

1. Statements, *known by Powell to be false,* published with the intent of interfering with U. S. forces and to aid their enemies. These included statements that: (a) United States forces in Korea were engaged in aggressive acts; (b) the United States used Korea as a testing ground for gas weapons and germ warfare; (c) United States casulties were of a certain number (higher than official figures); and (d) United States negotiators deliberately stalled and "sabotaged" the Korean truce talks.

2. Statements intended to "cause insubordination, disloyalty and mutiny" and to obstruct recruiting and enlistment. These included criticism of the government of the United States and of Chiang Kai-shek, criticisms of U. S. foreign policy, defense of the governments of China and North Korea, and the statement that the North Koreans were merely defending their homelands.

This reporter holds no brief for the argument that America "aggressed" in Korea, nor for the germ-warfare charges against this country. But agreement or disagreement is not the point. A jury is asked, by the government's indictments to decide whether any American action in Korea was or was not *in fact* "aggressive," and then to decide whether Powell "knew" that the statement was "false." No question is raised as to what the Americans did—only whether what they did could be interpreted as having been "aggressive."

THIS reporter would not call the pattern of American action in Korea "aggressive"; probably you wouldn't either. But this reporter is not so enchanted with his infallibility as to construe his *opinion* as a "fact," the truth or falsity of which can be decided in the same manner as the truth or falsity of a statement such as "Americans occupied Wonsan on such-and-such a day." Whether this country was an "aggressor" is clearly a matter of opinion, and no one connected in any way with a magazine of opinion, whatever its bias, can look with equanimity on any attempt to suppress opinion by punishing its holder.

The same argument applies to Powell's statement that U. S. negotiators "stalled" the truce talks, and to all his criticism of "our side" and his defenses of the "enemy." These are all matters of opinion, of editorial interpretation. In addition, the jury is asked to rule that Powell made these statements of opinion *knowing them to be false,* a thesis very difficult to prove.

What, however, of the other charges—that America used gas and germ warfare in Korea, and that casualties were of a certain number? Superficially, at least, it would seem that these are matters of fact, rather than opinion. But on closer examination these charges, too, can be seen as a violation of an editor's right to editorialize. No one, reading an editorial citing certain casualty figures, would seriously believe that the writer had gone out into the field and personally counted the dead and injured. And in this case, no reader would necessarily assume —without indication to the contrary —that Powell had himself been present in a gas or germ warfare attack, or that he intended people to believe that he had been. In effect, then, Powell's statements (taking germ warfare as an example) took this form: (a) charges of germ warfare have been made against the United States; (b) I have examined published evidence which is said to prove the truth of these charges as well as evidence said to demonstrate their falsity; (c) *in my opinion,* the evidence is sufficient to prove the charges true.

The first statement is accurate; we all know that the charges were made and that they did not originate with Powell. We know that both sides offered evidence. Whether you or I would reach the same conclusion as Powell from the same evidence is irrelevant (though in fairness, most of us have not had the opportunity to weigh the evidence). It is even irrelevant whether Powell was prejudiced in forming his opinion — a law that demands unprejudiced editors would soon stifle the press completely.

THESE, THEN, are the specific charges. The only "incitement" or "interference" with which Powell is charged is an attempt to influence, through a minuscule American circulation, American public opinion. The only statements cited are either matters of opinion, or matters of individual interpretation of evidence gathered in the colossal confusion of shooting war. If a jury, then, interprets this evidence differently from the defendants, or has different opinions regarding the semantics of such terms as "aggressive" or "stalled," Powell and his associates face twenty years of imprisonment.

The qualifying phrase in the indictment which insists that Powell "knew" the statements to be "false" hardly helps. Aside from the impossibility of determining the "falsity" of a statement of opinion, it isn't difficult to realize that a jury, finding a statement wildly implausible *to them,* may well conclude that it must have seemed equally implausible to the man who made it.

Even if it were possible to determine whether American acts were

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"aggressive," this is, of course, hardly a matter that a criminal jury is equipped to decide—aside from the question of the type and volume of the evidence needed for reaching a decision.

The indictment appears to require that, under penalty of prosecution, the official American version of any event, or the official American position in any controversy, must be accepted. Most Americans do not believe the germ-warfare charges—but in most cases, their position is based on pure and simple faith. Now, it appears that to exercise skepticism or disbelief is to invite prosecution by the courts.

There is no doubt that the case is directed at Powell's interpretation of specific evidence. Last October, Federal Judge Louis E. Goodman authorized Powell's attorney, A. L. Wirin, to travel to Hong Kong at government expense to take testimony. Wirin thereupon applied for a passport to visit Comunist China—and ran squarely into the State Department's ban on all American travel to the Chinese mainland. Wirin declared that he would file suit; but Judge Goodman authorized him, instead, to travel on a per diem allowance from the government as an officer of the court. Further, Goodman's order read that "neither the United States nor any person acting under its authority shall impose any penalty or punishment upon Wirin solely by reason of his entry into or departure from China or North Korea for the purposes contemplated by this order."

The order specified that Wirin might interview witnesses in China, arrange for some of them to come to Hong Kong to make depositions, gather evidence and, if he can, persuade the witnesses themselves to come to America for the trial.

This order gives some indication of the difficulty Powell will have in procuring anything that can be called a fair trial. The information Wirin is seeking, if it exists, is beyond the court's subpoena power; and a really adequate defense would depend, also, on access to a good many secret government files—a thoroughly impractical idea, to say the least.

THERE ARE smaller legal issues, too. The portions of the Constitution involving equality before the law would seem to come into play, since statements similar to those which appeared in the *China Monthly Review* were made by publications in this country, without prosecution. The lapse of time, too, is strange: although the government certainly knew for years what was appearing in the *China Monthly Review,* no prosecution was undertaken until the Powells and Schuman had been back in this country for three years. There is also the question of whether or not a state of war existed in Korea; if not, the sedition statute might be inapplicable. It is presumed that this legal question will be the first order of business for the defense when the trial begins.

Finally, the emotionalism surrounding the case makes a fair trial almost impossible. The matters dealt with include the Korean War, Nationalist vs. Communist China and the unspoken implication that Powell is that darkest of villains, a Communist. But most of all, they involve the germ-warfare charge. Universally, press reports have tended to reduce the complex indictment to the simple charge that the Powells and Schuman are accused of falsely publishing the germ-warfare allegations. Consequently, there is danger that any jury will feel that if it acquits Powell, it will by implication convict America of using germ warfare.

Yet certainly a proper concern for Powell's right as an editor to say that he believes the evidence to support the allegations printed in the *China Monthly Review* does not depend on whether the allegations are true. Their truth or falsity is irrelevant. But the form of the indictment is such that the jury is asked to pass, not on Powell's right to his opinion, or his right to express that opinion editorially, but on the truth or falsity of the germ-warfare charges against the United States.

BLOCKER FOR DIXIECRATS . . . *by Charles R. Allen, Jr.*

Easton, Pa.

"YES, the New Deal!" The erect white-haired man spoke enthusiastically. "The New Deal, my boy, saved our nation. I don't care what anybody tells you to the contrary. I was from start one of its most vigorous supporters. I am proud of those early days!"

No, this was not Rexford Guy Tugwell; it was Francis Eugene Walter, Democratic Representative from Pennsylvania's Fifteenth Congressional District, co-author of the *Walter*-McCarran Immigration Act (as he prefers it to be called) and the chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

"Now you take *The Nation* and the so-called liberals," he continued. "They seem to forget that I was responsible for the law which saved many DPs in Europe. They forget my record in Congress was New Deal. They forget about my outspoken position on the Nazi and Japanese war criminals. They forget all these things and scream against me these days . . ." His brief anger trailed off behind a wave of the hand.

I suggested that perhaps his supporters and his detractors might profit from a candid discussion of his own career in politics, with emphasis placed on the role he plays within the Democratic Party nationally. The once severely handsome man, whose sharp features have been somewhat blurred by age, comfortably

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leaned back in a huge swivel chair and smiled: "Swell, that's just the way I want it." And so we began our lengthy interview in the Congressman's Washington office.

Tad Walter, as he is generally known to his constituents, was the son of a successful Easton obstetrician. The boy attended nearby Lehigh University and went on to George Washington University, where he "picked up" his bachelor's degree. These early days were recalled with a sly wink: "I had a hell of a good time."

Following combat service with the Navy air force in World War I, Walter, a Lutheran, returned to Georgetown University for a law degree. Apparently several of the priests on the faculty there aroused his first interest in political affairs. The late Father Edmund A. Walsh, for example, was his "great friend"; subsequently the two often consulted each other about what Congressman Walter now refers to as "this Red thing."

DURING the twenties, Walter established a successful practice in criminal law in Easton, a region devoted to iron, coal, steel, slate and cement. These resources, first developed by the native Anglo-Saxon stock, brought considerable numbers of Italian and Central European working class families into the area. The income from the young attorney's practice was supplemented by banking investments, and a $100,000 legacy from his father was an additional help. Walter gained the undying gratitude of many of his present constituents when he purchased and brought to Easton a semi-professional baseball team. "We played some pretty fast clubs," he recalled in an easy flow of dugout vernacular. "The Cuban Stars, the Bushwicks. . . . It was a lot of fun."

"I entered politics seriously in 1932," he said. "I had been a delegate to a national convention and in 1932 became county solicitor. The depression really made the decision for me. We were at the bottom of the pit. Things were desperate: there was something ugly in the air; you could taste it, feel it. Here we were, the richest nation on earth

Representative Walter

with this cancerous poverty in our midst. I decided to run for Congress as a New Dealer, all down the line for labor and the little guy. I won on that program and the people of this district have returned me to Washington twelve consecutive times."

His pride and confidence were apparent. Particularly his confidence, for in the middle of the campaign last fall he took off a month to tour Europe in connection with an immigration survey. He won handily anyway.

I KNEW that the local affiliates of the A.F. of L., C.I.O. and the independents were loyal to him; the one important exception was the International Ladies Garment Workers Union. Apparently the opposition of national labor leaders such as Walter Reuther and Emil Mazey have had little effect on Walter's own labor constituents. Even the unceasing campaign waged by the Association of Catholic Trade Unions against the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act seems to have failed; the Roman Catholic steel, cement and slate workers in the Bethlehem wards regularly turn out for Walter.

I repeated to the Congressman what an official of the independent United Electrical Workers had told me: " 'Walter supported the minimum wage. He voted against Taft-Hartley, and no matter how many times his un-American committee goes after us, you couldn't get a better Congressman on local pork-chop issues.' " These observations, I remarked, did not come from one of his admirers. Would the Congressman care to discuss his relationship with organized labor?

Walter took up his glasses, pointing with them as a lecturer might. "When I went to Washington, labor immediately knew that I was one of its friends in Congress. Even before the C.I.O. was founded, I encouraged the formation of industrial unions. The A. F. of L. craft unions were all right, but more was needed. I sponsored one of the first wage-hour bills in the House. I also introduced a bill which required all corporations with government contracts to pay the prevailing minimum wage. This was a blow against a lot of sweatshops which until then had enjoyed in effect government protection. The law was passed. And labor liked it."

The Congressman arose. "Then there was the 'assumption of risk' doctrine and the railroads." He leaned forward over the desk and suddenly brought his hand down hard. "I got rid of that, too!" he fairly shouted. "The courts had this doctrine which in so many words said that once an employee worked in any area admittedly dangerous then it was perfectly proper for the company to assume that the worker knew the risk involved, thereby relieving the company of liability in event of injury or death. We got rid of that damn doctrine and the railroad brotherhoods know it and they remember it was my efforts that helped to do it." Walter grunted with satisfaction and returned to his chair.

Back in 1954, I reminded the Congressman, he had told the press he favored the "abolition" of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, suggesting that the unit be made subordinate to the venerable House Judiciary Committee where "there will not be such abuses of power." Would Mr. Walter care to comment?

"Yes, I did propose to do just that and I did speak of 'abuses of power.' I voted in 1945 against Ran-

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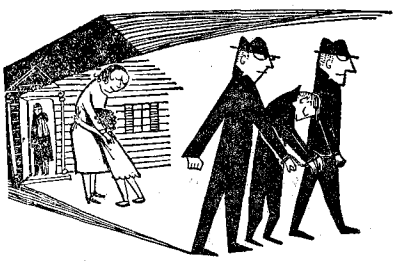
kin's move to make the committee permanent and on occasion I have voted to cut the appropriation for it. I also pared its budget when I became chairman. I have never believed in permanent investigating committees of Congress. Still don't. If a subject requires probing, then a committee can be set up, if necessary, to do the job; once the job is done, the committee should be dissolved.

"I prefer working on Judiciary or on ICOM [the Intergovernmental Committee for European Migration, a multi-national organization to which Walter is the American delegate]. I certainly did not welcome the chairmanship of the un-American Activities Committee. But it's my duty and I discharge it as I see it." He then added: "Abuses. Yes, in the past. But I instituted



reforms of the committee's procedures so that now its hearings are conducted the way they should be."

I pointed out that a lot of people of clearly anti-Communist persuasion would have a difficult time accepting this assertion. Mr. Walter's recent critics, I reminded him, have included state bar associations, state supreme court justices, ranking Friends (Quakers), The Fund for the Republic, Robert Hutchins, Paul Grey Hoffman—to name a few. Did the Congressman believe that such critics were themselves carriers of the Red virus?

He smiled: a "You're damn right they are. You should see the reports and dossiers. Whether they know it or not, they are carrying out in effect the efforts of the conspiracy." (For whatever my reaction is worth, I note here my impression that Representative Walter was mouthing a formula he himself did not seem to believe). The Congressman took another tack:

"My own baby went to Sarah Lawrence College. So they invited this guy Gates from the *Daily Worker* to give a talk. The Legion tried to stop him from appearing. Damn fools. Let 'em come, I say. And Gates did come and he did speak. And he stunk. And they booed him out of the hall. Best thing that could have happened."

Would he subscribe to the Holmes dictum about the market place of free ideas? "Oh, yes," he smiled again. What, then, of the efforts to repeal the Smith Act? "Now that's something quite different." He shook his head. "That law protects us from a criminal conspiracy. What was it that man wrote? Oh, you know, can't think of his name," he snapped his fingers impatiently. "Anyway, something like *Controversy, Yes, Conspiracy, No.* That's my feeling on the matter."

He refused to comment on the upcoming probes of the committee but observed there was a "lot of unfinished business" to take care of. Like The Fund for the Republic and Robert Hutchins? He threw his head back and laughed: "I shouldn't be surprised!" Suddenly he became quite intent: "You know I really dislike the job as chairman. The press gives reams of space to the Reds. Anything favorable to the committee is usually a paragraph buried back in the paper. But if they think they can scare me from exposing this conspiracy—no matter where it reaches—they got another damned good think coming!"

I BROUGHT the conversation around to the McCarran-Walter Act. Walter abruptly broke in: "Some of these liberal critics forget that I am responsible for the law that saved the DPs in Europe. They forget that I was responsible for the provision [in the immigration law] admitting Asiatics. I've got a lovely silver box around here some place, a gift from the Japanese government in appreciation of that. The critics forget that, don't they?"

He did not feel the act was discriminatory, then? Of course not, he replied. However, he pointed out, he was not "wedded" to the controversial national-quota provision.

I expressed my surprise at having encountered little resentment among the Italians and Jews of his own district over remarks attributed to him during several fights over the immigration laws. (On Jan. 13, 1953, Walter had characterized some critics of the law as "professional Jews shedding crocodile tears for no reason whatsoever." At the time of the Edward Corsi controversy, Walter was supposed to have used the terms "dagoes" and "wops"; Walter has denied this.) I went on to say that people in his district seemed to think that the numerous relief bills which Congressman Walter had introduced in behalf of voters' relatives largely explained the absence of widespread resentment against him.

At this point Mr. Walter sought to shift the discussion to the Inter-

governmental Committee for European Migration. "That's one thing I've never gotten enough credit for in this country," he said. "I recently returned from Europe and I tell you, Allen, that the praise and adulation heaped on me over there were positively embarrassing: premiers, high officials, Holy Sees. You might have thought I was a saint or something. I am very proud of ICOM." When I noted that some critics thought of ICOM as a device to channel immigrants to countries other than the United States, Mr. Walter answered: "I don't care to dignify such slander with an answer."

"But you know," he volunteered, "I'm in favor of an exchange program with the Commies. I'd open our doors wide and let Americans go see the 'workers' paradise' for themselves—their hovels and rubble in East Germany and Russia. I may

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propose legislation at the next session to implement these ideas. Yes, by all means quote me on this."

We then moved on to talk about his role in the Democratic Party. I told Congressman Walter that I was much struck with his consistent alliance with the Southern bloc led by Speaker Sam Rayburn in the House and Lyndon Johnson in the Senate.

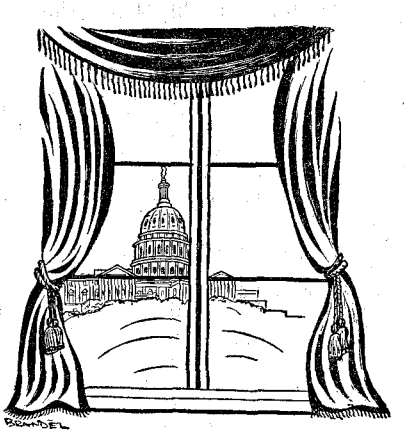
He nodded as I developed the point. "For example," I said, "during last year's campaign the Democratic candidate for the Senate from your state likened you and Eastland to the Democratic counterpart of McCarthy and Jenner on the issues of civil rights and civil liberties."

"Well," he responded, "if that's what Joe Clark thinks of me that's his privilege. I'm no McCarthy, however. Some of those people down in Philadelphia are burned up at me because I've helped expose some of their connections with this ungodly conspiracy which is menacing our way of life."

LET US take the economic side of this issue, I suggested. His early and extensive legislative campaigns in several celebrated insurance-rate and interstate-commerce issues certainly anticipated his later states-rights positions on tidelands oil, natural gas, rubber and atomic energy. Moreover, according to the Associated Press, Walter had agreed to sponsor the 1949 tidelands oil bill "at the request of Sam Rayburn." The obverse side of the same coin could be seen in Mr. Walter's steadfast support of TVA and rural electrification—anomalous in view of his stand on offshore oil, but nonetheless again consistent with the Southern position.

"Frankly," he answered after some thought, "there is no denying my close work with Southern colleagues on the Judiciary Committee. But let's take the question of states' rights. I had always agreed with the courts, which for seventy-five years clearly held that insurance was a concern of the states. Then suddenly, for no good reason, they hold that insurance business is interstate commerce and, therefore, liable to the federal anti-trust laws! But the important thing is that I *started* with the assumption of a state's prerogative in this area. I did not simply join the Southerners for the sake of joining them or of antagonizing the North. The momentum of my original position carried me that far logically." The momentum must have built up quite a head of steam since Mr. Walter sponsored the legislation—which failed of passage—designed to controvert the high tribunal's ruling that insurance was interstate commerce.

How about the political side of his relationship with the Southerners in his party? The *Philadelphia Inquirer* as well as columnist John



O'Donnell had published as fact that Walter had finally accepted the chairmanship of the Un-American Activities Committee at the behest of Sam Rayburn. Every time reports spread of Speaker Sam Rayburn's retirement, Francis E. Walter, a Northerner, was usually mentioned as "acceptable" to the South. Also there were Mr. Walter's actions on behalf of the South in the 1948 regional educational compacts; the Walter-Logan bill which in part was inspired by Southern leaders; and the numerous Southern Democrat-Republican attempts to amend the electoral college provision of the Constitution.

"In 1948," the Congressman told me, "I was frequently mentioned for the Speaker's post. And if Sam had not continued, I would have been honored to accept it." He went on to say that he regarded himself as a "compromiser" of the varied interests, sectional and otherwise, which make up the Democratic Party. "Ours is the only truly national party," he said. He was determined to keep it together.

Many organizations, including the NAACP, thought that the 1948 resolution approving a Southern compact to set up educational facilities for Negroes was a dodge to continue segregation in the schools. "No, it was not," Mr. Walter insisted. "It was the usual type of resolution Congress had adopted on numerous occasions." (Interestingly enough, the Congressman offered virtually the same defense in 1948.)

WE THEN discussed the Walter-Logan bill of 1939 which eventually became the Administrative Procedures Act of 1946. This act provided for judicial review of all administrative-agency rulings. In vetoing the original, President Roosevelt had commented: "I don't like it." Opponents of the bill called it "an attempt to make the New Deal unworkable." Its co-author, Senator Logan, was from Kentucky, and the act was supported from the start by the Dixiecrat-GOP coalition. To Francis Walter, the whole achievement was, in his own words, "my crowning achievement." He denied that it had been designed to hamstring the New Deal. Critics charged at the time that the measure would "destroy our democracy." Well, said Mr. Walter, "the law is ten years old now and no such thing has happened."

"Call my position 'states rights', if you wish," he said, indicating he would answer no more questions about his role as a sort of Northern downfield blocker for the South. "Call it what you want. I consider myself a traditionalist in matters regarding the Constitution."

The Congressman signaled that our interview was at an end. "Oh, just one thing more. Tell your liberal readers that Tad Walter had a lot more to say about what went on the statute books during the New Deal—a lot of what Ike calls 'Socialistic'." He paused. "'Socialistic'," he repeated with a grin. "I notice he damn well isn't changing any of that 'socialism,' is he?"

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The Man Who Saved the Nation

ALEXANDER HAMILTON AND THE FOUNDING OF THE NATION. Edited by Richard B. Morris. The Dial Press. $7.50.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON IN THE AMERICAN TRADITION. By Louis M. Hacker. McGraw-Hill. $4.75.

Keith Hutchison

ALTHOUGH we celebrate Alexander Hamilton's bicentennial this year, he was probably born in January 1755. Thus he was in his twentieth year when he launched himself into public life with a pamphlet supporting American freedom, extracts from which open Professor Morris' excellent compendium of Hamilton writings. It was a production that showed a grasp of affairs and a power of forceful expression quite astonishing for a youth, even in an epoch when men matured early.

No wonder that he was immediately taken up on terms of equality by men like Jay and Gouverneur Morris who were older than he and already high in the patriot councils. For the rest of his life he was to remain in the center of the American stage, proving himself a talented economist, a skilled administrator, a brilliant publicist and a disastrously poor politician with a very limited understanding of popular psychology. The samples of his voluminous writings, which Professor Morris has selected and edited with great skill, are proof that Hamilton was an authentic genius.

The question that worried his contemporaries, and has been debated ever since by historians, is whether his genius was good or evil. Did he, as the Jeffersonians contended, seek to confine the United States in an aristocratic mold, to make its people the slaves of an autocratic government? Did he corrupt the purity of American life, cheat the poor farmers and the veterans of the Continental army in order to fatten the purses of rich merchants and speculators? Or was he, as the Federalists asserted, the man who saved the union from anarchy and established American credit on the firm basis that made possible its miracle of economic growth?

There is no doubt where Professor Hacker stands in this controversy. His admiration for his subject is almost unalloyed; even when criticism is unescapable, as in the case of Hamilton's treatment of John Adams, he makes it brief and soft. Nevertheless, his book—a study of ideas rather than a formal biography—must be commended for its restraint in treating the Hamilton-Jefferson battle. Hacker defends Hamilton from his enemies, old and new, without including a counter-attack on the great Virginian. Paraphrasing Jefferson's first inaugural, he writes: "We are all Jeffersonians, we are all Hamiltonians." And later, he remarks: "These two great men . . . should have complemented each other."

In fact, they did complement each other; their pulling and hauling in opposite directions was what kept the Republic on an even keel. If either one had achieved his aims in full, the consequences could have been disastrous. We honor Jefferson today as the founder of American democracy and the father of its civil liberties. But had he succeeded in limiting the scope of the federal government and stunting its ability for growth and adaptation by securing strict construction of the implied powers, he would certainly have ensured the later frustration of the popular will.

Hamilton sought an energetic, effective central government and a restriction of the power of the common people to influence it. He succeeded in the first objective but was defeated in the second and, in time, the broad construction which he advocated became a means of democratic progress.

Thus, in a sense, Hamilton was the father of the Welfare State. Hacker thinks he would be horrified by his offspring and "if he were alive today, would accuse us of muddying the waters . . . when we introduce the idea of equalitarianism." But historians should avoid such projections of the thinking of men long dead about a world they could hardly have imagined. After all, could Hacker himself have predicted twenty-five years ago that by 1957 he would be an outstanding champion of free enterprise?

HACKER sees Hamilton as "the saviour of the Republic," both because of his part in securing the Constitution and because, almost single-handed, he established a tradition of fiscal integrity. It is, I think, possible to appreciate Hamilton's historic role without endorsing these claims in full. He deserves great credit for his efforts to obtain ratification of the Constitution, especially as it was far more liberal than he desired. But so do Madison and others, including the members of the Constitutional Convention who resisted his proposals. Hamilton suggested, for example, indirect election of the President and the Senate by voters with property qualifications. Moreover both Senators and President were to hold office "during good behaviour," and the President was to have an absolute veto over legislation. Many years later, in a letter to Timothy Pickering (printed in the Morris volume) Hamilton maintained that these were ideas merely thrown out for debate and said that he finally proposed a three-year Presidential term. But he does not appear to have retracted his views on a restricted suffrage which

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reflected a fear of "the mob" and a strongly held belief that the state would be undermined unless controlled by the "rich and well-born."

Probably Hamilton's greatest service to the United States was rendered as Secretary of the Treasury. His scheme for funding at full value the depreciated debts of both the Confederation and the several states was bitterly contested and morally its opponents had a strong case. Thousands of veterans, farmers and small merchants had long since been forced to part with their government paper at a few cents on the dollar. They were left uncompensated while canny speculators reaped fortunes. Yet the practical difficulties of Madison's proposals for discriminating between original and present holders of the certificates were probably insuperable.

HAMILTON does not seem to have been perturbed by the injustice of his scheme: it was, in his eyes, outweighed by the greater good of establishing American credit promptly and firmly. And it is hard now to dispute his reasoning. In 1790, a sound credit position was vital to the United States, an underdeveloped country with infinite resources and a serious shortage of capital.

"Hamilton's policies," writes Hacker, "met with immediate and amazing success. . . . Beginning with 1790 and continuing for a quarter of a century, the United States was launched on an extraordinary period of expansion and prosperity, its first and perhaps even its greatest."

No doubt Hamilton's credit policies contributed to this boom. But in his enthusiasm Hacker seems to have overlooked an even more important factor—American neutrality. For this was also the period of the great war between Britain and France that created a steady demand for American food and raw materials and still more for American shipping. Neutrality—supported by Hamilton and Jefferson alike although, as the Irish have it, the first was neutral "against" France, the second "against" England—provided an opportunity that Americans seized to their great advantage.

Writing in his epilogue of Hamilton's message to present-day underdeveloped countries, Hacker emphasizes the importance of maintaining "fiscal integrity in a regime of law." It would, perhaps, have been unfashionable to add: "And guard your neutrality." But, no doubt, Mr. Nehru has studied early American history.

Science and Myth

PROUST. By J. M. Cocking. Yale University Press. $2.50.

NOSTALGIA. A Psychoanalytic Study of Marcel Proust. By Milton L. Miller. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

Jacob Korg

THESE books offer contrasting approaches to Proust, Professor Cocking's being a particularly deft and distinguished essay in eclectic criticism, and Dr. Miller's a clinical study by a well-qualified practicing psychiatrist.

Professor Cocking describes Proust's development as a process in which he freed himself from the obsessions of his carnal attachments and social ambitions as a preliminary to using them as material for art. Proust's great novel dramatized the conflicts of love and social life with which he had once been occupied, and imposed an esthetic pattern upon the raw material of his experience through his discovery, involuntary memory. The peculiar genius of his work seems due to a number of contrapuntal elements pointed out by Professor Cocking. He had a child's awareness of the sensuous and an adult's ironic understanding of it. Believing that beauty originated in a transcendental realm, he nevertheless dissected its material manifestations with dispassionate exactness. Less interested in life itself than in the sensations that could be abstracted from it, he formed these into an art intended to satisfy both the most naive of sensuous appetites and the most discriminating intelligence. The result, as it is here perceptively described, is an art essentially amoral and inhuman that beautifully harmonizes the intuitive and the intellectual.

DR. MILLER'S study, though it shows much ingenuity in handling details, is predictable in its method and conclusions. Dr. Miller is unresponsive to the esthetic aspects of Proust's work, apart from a few words of homage. His aim is purely diagnostic. He examines all the available evidence for clues to Proust's subconscious, finding, among other things, that Proust clung to his mother

JACOB KORG is assistant professor of English at the University of Washington.

THE CHANCE

Chin in, I doubt the praying mantis prays.
His is an equally appropriate stance
For covering the back of his neck, or eyes,
Or for looking accidental to avoid accidents.

His name is one of those tedious unkillable
Incorrectnesses (ah, how significant
That even in this the gesture is possible)
We could rid our thinking of, and don't.

Enough (it's too much) that mantis means prophet,
Without cocking his elbows and wrists too.
Likelier it's for combat and discomfit,
Or all he knows really well how to do.

Still, there he was on the mailbox praying,
When I stopped to drop three important letters in,
Seeming to say about them what I was saying,
And wildly improbable, in my town.

No, life is sufficiently apparently absurd
To include this several-million-to-one chance.
It happens. It happened. One is not bored
In a world where everything happens at least once.

JOHN HOLMES

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with unusual desperation, was profoundly troubled by her pregnancy, and sought to attract love by passive devices.

As an authoritative example of its kind, Dr. Miller's study sharply betrays the limitations of dedicated Freudian literary analysis. Arguing that a book is a vehicle for the expression of subconscious ideas, the Freudian critic treats his text as a cryptogram to be decoded into a tale of the nursery and its psychic hazards. Even in such knowing and responsible hands as Dr. Miller's the familiar psychoanalytic pastime of symbol-interpretation seems unsatisfactory. If we are to follow his lead in regarding rooms as intra-uterine symbols, for example, what novelist does not seem to seek a return to the womb? As Dr. Miller himself admits, psychological evidence drawn from a body of writing, even one as revelatory as Proust's, cannot be more than tentative.

The conjunction of these books gives a significant insight into the nature of the psychoanalytic contribution to the study of literature. Oddly enough, it is Professor Cocking who demonstrates the scientific virtues of respect for evidence and methodical analysis, while Dr. Miller arrives at his conclusions through an entertaining play of fancy and speculation. The contrast suggests that Freudian criticism has mistaken its part in claiming to be scientific. If it were, it might be expected to develop reliable principles and a distinct body of knowledge. But its practitioners have been noticeably indifferent to work of this sort. Instead they have eagerly pursued a kind of collaboration with artists, adding dimensions to their work, opening new areas of awareness, giving everything a new resonance and suggestiveness. In its effect on literature, at least, psychoanalysis resembles romanticism, medieval Catholicism and the chivalric tradition in being a way of looking at things that answers the most pressing questions of a particular historical period. Its authority seems to arise, not from its validity as science, but from its power as a maker of myth.

Workers in France

MARXISM AND FRENCH LABOR. By Leon A. Dale. Vantage Press. $4.50.

Harvey Goldberg

INSOFAR as Leon Dale develops a central historical theme, it is that the French labor movement has been perverted and debilitated by pernicious radical theories, culminating in communism. As demonstration, he reviews the obstacles to a sound and properly functioning unionism which have emerged in French history since the Great Revolution of 1789. In the beginning, like Original Sin, there were ideals. Now one might feel that visions of a society rooted in liberty, equality and fraternity served the worker nobly as a counterpoint to his early industrial misery. But they strike Dale as vague and impractical, conditioning labor to fruitless utopianism and political radicalism.

Then came the purveyors of the dream, the radical intellectuals, who have rarely fared well in AFL theology. Dale singles out certain socialist-minded thinkers (St. Simon, Fourier, Proudhon, Marx); makes a few random, often misleading, comments on their doctrines (thus, St. Simon, who conceived of a planned, collective society, is credited with bringing "the economic policy of *laissez-faire* to its logical conclusion"); and implies, without proof, that they led the workers away from some better, alternate course.

Over that formative period from 1879 to 1920 the greatest barriers to labor's legitimate interests were political socialism and revolutionary syndicalism. Dale finds in the emergence of Jules Guesde at the Congress of Marseilles in 1879 "the first communist victory over French labor." From then on, the proposed road to liberation through a Socialist state was actually a tragic *cul de sac,* at the end of which there were neither free unions nor a fresh society, but only noisy Socialist politicians.

Since World War I the legacy of futile idealism and bankrupt anti-capitalism has been exploited by the Communists, who have dominated the labor movement, first through the CGTU and then the CGT. But now, Dale emphasizes, the dangers were infinitely compounded, since communism is a world-wide conspiracy against democracy. Thus actions by Communist unions never have inherent validity; rather they are merely projections of a grand design to turn France into a Soviet satrapy. All strikes called by the CGT become for Dale political and Russian-inspired. He can see in the famous mine strikes of the fall of 1948 only the heavy hand of the Cominform, despite the tragic decline of real wages, the insensitive *décrets* Lacoste, and M. Moch's brutal use of the CRS and the *gendarmerie* in the minefields. Even Moch himself admitted that the "plot theory" was at best "une hypothèse."

By implication rather than precise statement one can extract Dale's prescription for a sound French labor movement. It would be rooted, not in a philosophy of anti-capitalism, but rather in a wages-and-hours pragmatism; for he speaks admiringly of that most timid of labor congresses in 1876, which, while not even proclaiming the right to strike, appeals to him because it "did not attempt to reshape the economic system." Shorn of intellectual claptrap, such a movement would eschew politics; it would be, in fact, very much like the *Force Ouvrière,* for which Mr. Dale reserves his warmest praise. And beyond merely refusing all collaboration with Communists (whatever the concrete gains of the Popular Front may have been), it would encourage the state to outlaw the entire Communist movement. And if that be political, it is at least politics in the Meany mold.

THE COMMUNISTS, whose dishonor or stupidity might have been clearly demonstrated on many issues, are accused by the author of incredible diabolism. Thus they are held responsible for the systematic disintegration of the French army, which "helps explain the disastrous collapse . . . in June, 1940." But the author should not have accepted so easily an opinion, of which Reynaud wrote recently: "Gamelin told me, when we were in Germany, that, in his opinion, Communist propaganda had not been an important factor in our defeat." Or again, the Communists, "seeking to eliminate all anti-communist opposition at the grass-roots level," are held guilty

HARVEY GOLDBERG, a member of the History Department at Ohio State University, has recently returned from France, where he compiled material for a forthcoming biography of Jaurès.

Coming Next Week

WINTER BOOK NUMBER

Writers in San Francisco
by Kenneth Rexroth

The Doubts of Historians
by Abraham Edel

J. D. Salinger
by David L. Stevenson

Mr. Eliot Regrets . . .
by Oscar Cahill

Other essays, reviews, poetry, departments

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of engineering 320,000 post-Liberation executions. That is a far cry from the assessment by M. Brune, Pinay's Minister of the Interior, in the *Assemblée Nationale* (October 28, 1952), that "the summary executions of collaborators carried out in France amounted to about 10,000." In short, what Mr. Dale sadly lacks is a willingness to weigh and compare the evidence, without which gossip is dignified and hearsay enthroned.

IN mooring his treatise to a set of values derived from the American labor movement (early 1957 AFL variety), he has made those unqualified assumptions which are among the "pathetic fallacies" of our contemporary labor philosophy:

1) He assumes that the French movement has failed because it has almost always fallen prey to the political or revolutionary solution, whereas the bargaining tradition alone yields lasting benefits. But this is idle bombast. The weakness of French labor springs ultimately from the strength of its opposition. Dale castigates the radical intellectuals, but are they not an effect rather than a cause? American capitalism—expanding constantly in the West, in world markets, in war production—finally adjusted to the union mechanism. French capitalism gave its workers no such outlet. From Napoleon through Louis Philippe (as Balzac and Stendhal well knew) the *haute bourgeoisie* was formed of men who used the political lever to win economic power, and then used their great wealth to pin down their political influence. The Third Republic, a weary parade of Opportunistes, Progressistes, Bloc National, and unradical Radicals, combined continuity with integration—the continuity in government of the great financial dynasties (like the Casimir-Perier, the Guy La Cambre, the Chabaud-Latour, the Reille) with the integration into the system of the new Republican politicians. The Fourth Republic? Immobile witness to the decline in real wages and the progress of monopoly, it has hardly reversed the trend.

Against such a common front of economic and political power the choice for the French worker has been less than free. The radical intellectual appealed, after all, when the barriers to a decent life seemed insurmountable and only a leap to the future seemed promising.

2) All of which is tied to a second assumption—that the labor movement must be free of politics and shorn of the chimerical quest for state power. But the dictum is too rigid. (In fact, Laski once challenged Perlman on that very point: "The weakness in the approach of American labour to politics is the vital one that it has taken its theory of the State from the employers and asked only for concessions and adjustments on the ground that the American government, as the agent of the State power, is a neutral and mediating force among the different elements in society.") To date, neither Socialists nor Communists nor revolutionary syndicalists have captured French society for labor; and their failure has too often been compounded by deceit. But that in itself cannot alter the reality—that so long as the opposition is unyielding, the greatest hope for French workers must lie with the forging of a sympathetic state.

3) And finally, there is an assumption about objective, which gears the labor movement, simply and totally, to the full dinner pail. Even if the Red menace were destroyed, Dale would still look askance at those working class movements guided by a broader social vision. The crucial importance of the wages-and-hours complex is axiomatic, but is it enough? Bednarik and Bell have both written that today's workers, better-fed but shorn of idealism, drift in naked boredom or sink in endless materialism. True, man cannot live without bread; but he ought not to live by wage contracts alone.

Seven-Tenths Cloud

when the chrome clouds break
the moon masses
cracked purple
ruined white
upon black

the colors kaleidoscope
before an acid wind:

patched tableaux
staged in the mind
with a geometry of rain
that a retention
of the essential black
can only defy

that the remembered
shade of the sea's
stable geometry
when the light is gone
can never
after the clouds break
defeat

the neutral sea
is an awkward image
that the mind
inevitably forsakes
before the clouds close
it accepts whatever colors
the moon makes

HAROLD DICKER

The Real Picture

TO SEE THE DREAM. By Jessamyn West. Harcourt, Brace. $3.95.

Dan Wakefield

HOLLYWOOD is a mythical city in the western part of the United States inhabited either by gods and goddesses or by a race of boorish demons who are out to destroy art, morality and the intelligence of their customers. The readers of *Modern Screen* magazine are likely to believe in the first concept; the readers of reports such as that made by Lillian Ross on the filming of *Red Badge of Courage* are likely to believe in the latter. Now the stranger to Hollywood may read *To See the Dream* and learn that it is a real place inhabited by live and fallible human beings who are often required by their craft to rise at dawn and spend a sweating day in the sun to get what may turn out to be two minutes worth of film.

To See The Dream is a journal kept by Jessamyn West during the time of her work in writing and advising on the movie adaptation of her novel, *The Friendly Persuasion.* We see actress Dorothy McGuire, nervous on the set after using the wrong lotion for sunburn and blistering her face; the stylish lady whose profession it is to "thatch" Gary Cooper's thinning hair for the camera; the eager young assistant to William Wyler who "Even on the phone . . . sounds face to face . . . putting grappling hooks of honesty, tactlessness, energy and egotism into your vitals." Toward the end of her journal, Miss West writes:

> Mr. Wyler asked me the other day what I thought of movie making by now. He looked startled when I told him I thought movie making might be for the Twentieth Century what cathedral building was for the Middle Ages. I don't say that *The Bowery Boys* or *The John Phillip Sousa Story* are the equal of Burgos and Chartres and Canterbury; but the making of a movie is, as was the building of a cathedral, one activity in which many persons work together to produce a record of the lives of men and women. Miserable and flimsy and superficial as the film record may be, still it is such an attempt and the attempt bewitches me.

In the process of being bewitched, Miss West has written a bewitching book—a personal journal of observation that is honest and beautiful and thoroughly a pleasure to read.

DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.

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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE AUDIENCE enjoys *Measure for Measure* at the Phoenix. It is Shakespeare made easy. It is played—somewhat in the fashion of the Old Vic's *Troilus*—as a spoof in modern clothes—although in this case I could not identify the period.

Most of it seems like a musical comedy "book," the whole effect being mildly salty and pleasant. Though the play is something more than a lark—its humors are edged with considerable bite—one is not inclined to carp at this production. The cast—notably Nina Foch, Morris Carnovsky, Norman Lloyd, Hiram Sherman—play with charm and clarity. The speech is unusually intelligible, the visual aspect of the production fresh: all is agreeably brief and light. What is lacking is invention, leaps of the imagination and the boldness which distinguish Tyrone Guthrie's work when he improvises on Shakespeare.

THE HIDDEN RIVER is a melodrama by Ruth and Augustus Goetz based on a novel by Storm Jameson (Playhouse). There are several good actors in it (Lili Darvas to mention one) and it is competently written and produced. Yet it seems to me to be firing blanks, because while it purports to deal with the theme of responsibility (it is set in the France of 1950 among people who are still very much preoccupied with the conflict between collaborationists and resistants) the atmosphere and characters strike one as largely factitious. We do not feel we are anywhere but on the stage of a somewhat old-fashioned show—the kind of European problem melodrama of which movies were made in Hollywood during the war and in which the presence of a foreign actor or two did not help create a sense of authenticity.

GRAHAM GREENE'S *The Potting Shed* (Bijou) is also quite inauthentic—but for a different reason. Greene writes well—it is a pleasure to hear such good English!—and whatever he says seems highly intelligent—even when it is trite.

The play is constructed as a mystery thriller in which a psychological secret is at the bottom of a man's incapacity to feel or to love. In the second act we discover the man's secret: he attempted suicide at the age of fourteen—a fact that was never mentioned to him or discussed in any way after his "revival." The reason for the boy's initial unhappiness was the arid coldness of the atheist environment he was brought up in—I really never heard of such an idiot as the scientist who is supposed to have been the boy's father—and the reason for the latter's silence is that the circumstances of his son's revival shook the foundations of the father's atheism. The boy presumed to be dead was restored to life through the prayer of his uncle—a priest who sacrificed what was most precious to him—his faith in God—to save the boy's life.

Greene's propagandistic method is clever (though no one calls such a play as *The Potting Shed* propaganda, that is what it is) for he offends no one with it. He never insists that the boy who attempted suicide actually was dead, but he pointedly suggests the possibility of a miracle. He is tolerant and even sympathetic to the psychoanalyst—an agnostic no doubt—who appears in the play, for after all the analyst is also concerned with man's spiritual state and that is the focus of Greene's inquiry. Greene is rather blandly optimistic, humorously and humanely civilized about everything. There is a certain hypocrisy in all this—or, if you prefer, moral diplomacy. The cards are tricked. But, what is worse, the play is bogus, because the notion that the raising of the dead through prayer and self-sacrifice or, generally speaking, through Faith is

The Gazabos

I saw them dancing,
the gazabos, apes of joy, swains of
their pocket mirrors, to each a world:
  a dancing, a gallumphing, a guzzling
    of themselves.

They yapped, they cooed,
they flapped their feet and winked grimaces
into grins. They rapped their knuckles on
  their teeth and bled and licked
    the blood like honey.

Turning the corner
to my street, I spat on each
gazabo as he came. They loved it,
  they could barely keep
    from following.

I had to beat
them off with barbed wire switches
ripped from neighbors' fences on
  the way. I escaped
    only when

they paused to smear
their bodies with their trickly wounds,
streaming welted faces ogle-
  laughing in the mirrors
    sideways.

Why is it now,
safe in my lacquered room, cradled
in my black, spoon-shaped easy
  chair, the whitest sheet
    of paper on

my knees, I cannot
write a word? I read their eyes,
I taste their wounds. Do they live
  because they simply
    cannot die?

Friends, multi-
tudes, oh lifelong shadows: are
you my filth, my worn out longings,
  my poems that dog me
    till I die?

EDWIN HONIG

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a possible basis for belief in God strikes me as esentially irreligious.

This does not mean that the play does not contain some effective scenes—particularly the one in which the priest denounces the faith he has apparently lost. It is a kind of shrewd shocker to win over the skeptical who might confuse religion with sanctimoniousness. Still if for a short while we have allowed ourselves to pay respectful attention to the play as a serious statement, we end with a sense of having been taken in by someone we assumed knows better.

The play has been excellently cast with Sybil Thorndike, Robert Flemyng, Leueen McGrath, Frank Conroy and a very pretty young girl, Carol Lynley, in the main roles. Their personalities rather make up for the fact that they seem to be acting almost entirely without benefit of a director.

LITTLE space is left me for a discussion of the first production of the Madeleine Renaud—Jean Barrault company season at the Winter Garden—*Christophe Colomb*—by Paul Claudel. I am rather relieved that this is so, for though I am sure this production with its combination of the dramatic poem which is its text, an interesting score by Darius Milhaud, bits of film, choral singing, humorous commentary in contemporary vernacular, scraps of ballet and mime, odds and ends of scenic invention, has its ardent admirers, I found it artistically void, dilettante, jejune.

Barrault calls the production an example of "total theatre"—which is even more pretentious and nonsensical than the spectacle itself, because to begin with, all good theatre is "total," and what makes it that is not the accumulation of unrelated theatrical fragments but a central core of meaning, the total impact of an organic conception—in short, a Play. And, by the way, has Barrault never heard of Max Reinhardt?

Surely M. Barrault has brought us several more satisfying examples of his work and we hope to be able to make more extended and favorable comment on them on another occasion.

MUSIC

B. H. Haggin

FOR *The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore,* the new ballet produced by the New York City Ballet, Menotti has once again written music which is best described by Virgil Thomson's statement about a piece by Howard Hanson: it was, said Thomson, a piece by a man who had written lots of music, which made him a composer; but the music was as standardized in expression is it was eclectic in style, which made him not a creator. Menotti's writing has been derivative and eclectic in a profusion of styles, but most of all in the style of Puccini, which he has used in works that have exhibited a Puccini-like gift for the production of theatrical and musical trash. In *The Unicorn* the trash is literary and musical—a "madrigal fable" for chorus and orchestra about a poet in a world that doesn't understand poets and their dreams; and what the chorus sings and the orchestra plays is acted out in no more distinguished mime and dance movement created by John Butler. On all this are wasted a beautiful production with scenery by Jean Rosenthal and costumes by Robert Fletcher; an excellent musical performance conducted by Thomas Schippers; the fine work of the dancers—especially Magallanes as the poet and Janet Reed as the Countess.

MR. BING is a man who on the one hand produces Musorgsky's original *Boris Godunov,* but on the other hand produces rubbish like Giordano's *Andrea Chenier;* who revives Gluck's *Alceste* for Flagstad, but revives Verdi's *Ernani* for Milanov. He would have been wrong to produce this early and musically uninteresting opera of Verdi even for the remarkable singer Milanov was years ago; and he produced it for someone capable nowadays only of the unlovely, wobbly singing she did at the performance I attended. With her were Del Monaco, his voice as usual unpleasantly rasping except for the occasional loud high notes that were clear; and Guarrera and Tozzi, who sang beautifully when they didn't drive their voices too hard. And Mitropoulos conducted, giving the performance the right power and tension. As for the production staged by Yannopoulos, Esteban Frances contributed a superb set for the scene in the crypt of Charlemagne and a series of magnificent costumes for the King, but also a couple of sets with some ruined columns that would have been puzzling even if they hadn't been bright and shiny as though newly manufactured. And Zachary Solov devised some new bits of silliness on points.

After its not too successful venture into standard repertory with *Fidelio,* the American Opera Society returned to the unfamiliar with a repetition of Cherubini's *Medea,* its sensation of last year. And the same impressive effect was produced this time again by the beautiful and expressive dramatic melody and astonishing orchestral writing; the same overwhelming effect by the vocal beauty, the powerful shaping and subtle inflection, the sustained tension of Eileen Farrell's singing of the tremendous title role. The other principals in the excellent performance conducted by Arnold U. Gamson were Albert DaCosta, Eva Likova, Miroslav Cangalovic and Martha Lipton.

Thanks to NBC-TV Opera Theatre we have at last heard Prokofiev's *War and Peace,* which turns out to be a work of little value. In the scenes of personal drama concerned with Natasha and Prince Andrei one hears only the operation of a resourceful craftsmanship capable of turning out music in any quantity for any descriptive or expressive purpose; in the historical scenes this craftsmanship operates at times for the purpose of wartime patriotic exhortation: in this work written during the Nazi invasion of Russia an aria of Kutuzov begins with pretty music about the beloved Moscow he is sacrificing, changes to sinister music at the words "the treacherous foe invades our land," and rises to grandiloquent affirmation at the end. The musical performance conducted by Peter Herman Adler was good; the staging of some of the historical scenes increased their inherent absurdity.

Life, for Toscanini, meant a score to study, an orchestra with which to translate that score into living sound; for him, therefore, life in a real sense must have ended when he stopped conducting three years ago, and mere physical death must have been of no consequence. And so with the rest of us: we suffered our real loss when he retired, and his death now merely reminds us of it and tells us it is beyond recovery.

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TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

THE NEW SHOW on CBS, *The Last Word* has caused quite a stir among viewers in its first four weeks. Enthusiasm runs high, mail count reaches into the thousands and host Bergen Evans and the network congratulate each other for having presented the English language as something novel. The program is touted as a "court of appeals" for all questions and arguments about the native tongue. Viewers send in questions, get a set of the Encyclopedia Brittanica when they are used by Evans and his panel. "Which is correct—I'd just as leave or I'd just as soon?" "It's me—or it's I?" "Is 'ain't' permissable?" are a few that have made the grade. Accents were the topic of one program when the panel included Brooklyn humorist-teacher Sam Levenson and Commander Edward (Schweppervescence) Whitehead. Madison Avenue jargon was tackled with high good humor by critic John Crosby and Ilka Chase, and a week ago, as a major scoop, the show imported Lord Conessford from England, following his press attack on American speech.

If Dr. Evans and CBS were content to acknowledge this show for what it is, it would probably measure up as another in the slick family of panel shows, where viewers are treated to a taste of the ready wit of chic minds, the quotable wisecrack of the currently fashionable intellectual. *What's My Line?* is a perennially successful example. With *Down You Go,* Evans almost made it. He ought to make the big time with his current vehicle, which has all the earmarks of a "sleeper" coming up fast. But not content to accept success at this level the owners of *The Last Word* have injected a gimmick. The gimmick is education—*The Last Word* is good for you. Evans' semi-serious introduction, his bespectacled scrutiny of the letters, his classroom approach to the panel, his professorial dicta on the questions after discussion are all calculated to prove that the show has a mission. But, however skilful *The Last Word* may be as an electronic brain teaser, it is an educational sham.

BERGEN Evans himself is a real-life educator. He spends four days a week at Northwestern where he conducts classes in advanced composition and world literature. He has just returned from a two-year leave spent completing a dictionary of contemporary English usage with his sister Cornelia Goodhue. His radio show, *Of Many Things*—a philosophic wandering—is about to be released on LP records. And he is in charge of choosing questions for the $64,000 categories. A busy man. And an energetic, restless man who obviously finds classroom discipline too confining for expression of what he has to say to people. "A great teacher is a great showman," he told me. "There is really no such thing as teaching, only learning. And this happens because of an emotional relationship between pupil and teacher. When they want to please you, when they work for praise, they learn. "Do you think Einstein really had to look that way? He was something of a ham. I have a lot of the ham in me and I love it."

The fact is that he has so much ham in him that he is in danger of playing a parody of the type of histrionic professor (George Lyman Kittredge of Harvard was one of his idols) he so much admires. In a week or so he will present Gypsy Rose Lee as an authority on "wit, humor, satire and burlesque"—a perfectly good piece of showmanship, though not entirely novel, but an irritating pretense at scholarly investigation. And John Mason Brown, who is known and loved in every women's club in America, is a first-rate permanent expert for a panel show. If Bergen Evans would confine his teaching to Northwestern and devote his air time to being entertaining, he could scarcely miss. But the way it is going, *The Last Word* may easily get lost in its own pretensions.

TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

February 17 through 22

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, February 17

THE LAST WORD (CBS). See above.

YOU ASKED FOR IT (ABC). One of the sequences will take viewers to world-renowned Tracy Clinic in Los Angeles, where it will show how deaf children are taught to grow up in their silent world.

MEDICAL HORIZONS (NBC). A report on heart conditions from the Cleveland Clinic; Dr. Irwin Page and commentator Don Goddard. Viewers will learn how surgeons can now stop a patient's heart and will see inside the organ with the aid of an X-ray TV camera.

Thursday, February 21

THE LONG COUNT (CBS; Climax). Story of a prize fighter (a popular hero since *Requiem for a Heavyweight* won the decision) who couldn't rise above defeat. Viveca Lindfors, John Ericson, Jacques Bergerac and Paul Stewart in a play by John McGreevey.

ONE COAT OF WHITE (CBS; PLAYHOUSE 90). H. Allen Smith's romantic comedy adapted for TV with Claudette Colbert and Paul Henreid as the middle-aged lovers.

Friday, February 22

CHEVY SHOW (NBC). From the wild, wild Fat Stock Show and Rodeo in Houston comes a full hour of bronc riding, calf roping, bulldogging, etc. Roy Rogers and Dale Evans to make it official.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

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ELMER GERTZ

Chicago, Ill.

Service for Methodists

Dear Sirs: The more I have pondered the forthright, probing article of Mr. Dan Wakefield in the issue of January 19 (Slick-Paper Christianity), the more I wish that it could have a much wider circulation than your subscription list. It ought to be read, and re-read, by thoughtful Methodists everywhere.

EDWARD T. RAMSDELL
Garrett Biblical Institute
(Methodist)

Evanston, Ill.

Sauce for the Gander

Dear Sirs: One question about Mr. Benjamin Solomon's otherwise excellent proposals in his letter to *The Nation* of January 12. If the nations of the Near East feel about their oil deposits the way the United States probably does about hers, how could we persuade them that their possessions should be taken over by the United Nations unless the United States and other countries agree to the same procedure? And if the United States will not consent to the internationalization of the Panama Canal, why should Egypt consent to the internationalization of Suez?

THEODORE WEBB

Canton, N.Y.

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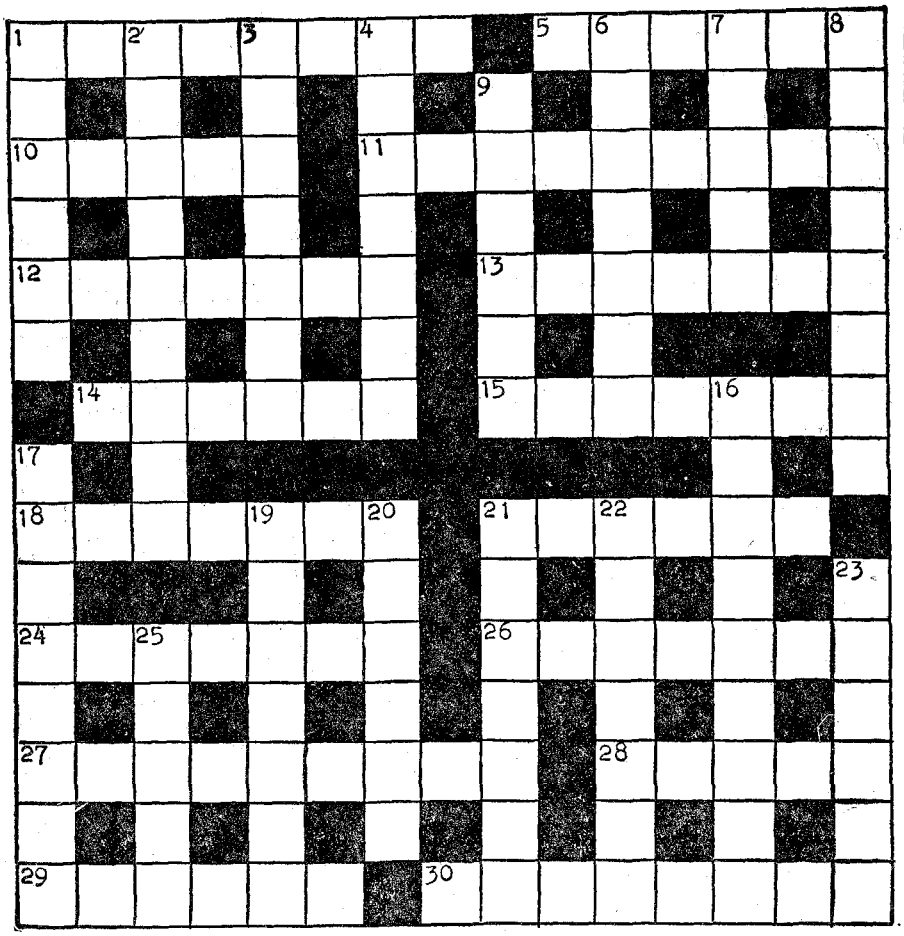
Crossword Puzzle No. 711

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Tenders. (8)
5 Confesses to possess drink. (4, 2)
10 See 7 down
11 See 12 across
12, 11 and 13 across Present two spotless cads, and run away. (2, 4, 1, 5, 4, 2, 5)
14 and 28 across Made of wood by a mute living in strange circumstances. (6, 5)
15 Tips over in the river, notwithstanding. (7)
18 A wind instrument, with some hesitation, plays a part. (7)
21 One who puts two and two together in time. (6)
24 Evidently master misses something. (7)
26 Perhaps they rustle on the screen, and are not in order. (7)
27 A long-suffering proclamation? Not very enduring! (9)
28 See 14 across
29 Catch most of the partner's return. (6)
30 Acts like Caesar did to Gaul? (8)

DOWN:

1 It goes in seeds for songbirds. (6)
2 A moving theme for a fraternity man or a football player! (9)
3 Hung up perhaps, but no longer so often. (7)
4 Reduce from a wild to a tame state (7)
6 Cranks beat most of the game. (7)
7 and 10 across Lean portions? (5, 5)
8 Didn't live in an elflike little building. (8)
9 Look, a synonym for the first half of 5 might! (6)
16 It is clean, but such things might not snap back. (9)
17 A disorderly closet is the limit! (8)
19 A little sleep hath altered this, but it's no less volatile. (7)
20 Dit, dah, dit, dit—or a piece of it! (6)
21 One might be cleaner, if he doesn't look for the enemy in flight. (7)
22 It moves somewhat haphazardly in important phrases. (7)
23 In one case we evidently belong to her escorts. (6)
25 A bad pun in it produces energy. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 710

ACROSS: 1 WITTIEST; 5 FRIEND; 9 PUCCINI; 10 CHATEAU; 11 TOLSTOI; 12 NOISING; 13 ACCOUTREMENTS; 15 ANTEDILUVIANS; 21 THRIVES; 22 NEPTUNE; 23 REWARDS; 24 IMAGINE; 25 NURSED; 26 INTERNED. DOWN: 1 WAPITI; 2 TO CELIA; 3 IDIOTIC; 4 SPIRITUALISTS; 6 REALISM; 7 ETESIAN; 8 DRUGGIST; 10 CONTRAVENTION; 14 CAST IRON; 16 THROWER; 17 DIVERSE; 18 APPEASE; 19 SAURIAN; 20 DEFEND.

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The UN Security Council unanimously adopted Jan. 19 the Western-sponsored resolution condemning the Israeli raid on Syria Dec. 11, 1955.
The measure adopted by the Council charged Israel with "a flagrant violation" of the Council's 1948 Palestine cease-fire resolution, the 1949 Syrian-Israeli armistice agreement and "Israel's obligations under the [UN] Charter." It called upon Israel "to comply with its obligations . . . in the future, in default of which the Council will have to consider what further
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